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ART. I.—*Memoirs of the Kings of Spain of the House of Bourbon, from the Accession of Philip the Fifth to the Death of Charles the Third, 1700—1788. Drawn from original and unpublished Documents. By William Coxe, M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A. Archdeacon of Wilts, &c. &c. 3 Vols. 4to. Longman, 1813, £6. 6s.*

IT would not be easy to name any writer to whom the future historian of the 18th century will be so deeply indebted as to Mr. Coxe for the stores of original and authentic information which he has collected and arranged for his service. His *Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole* and those of the house of Austria, are invaluable repositories of knowledge; but he has perhaps never had access to so interesting a variety of documents, and has never employed the resources which he could command to so great advantage, as on the occasion of the publication which it is now our duty to notice. He does not appear to us at all to over-estimate those resources, when he says, 'With respect to manuscript authorities, I trust, without incurring the imputation of vanity, I may boast, that for number, authenticity, and interest, they yield to none ever committed to the inspection of any individual writer.'

They are thus enumerated: the diplomatic correspondence of the British government with the courts of Europe in general during the greater part of the last century—the correspondence and papers of our ministers and agents in Spain—and a great variety of plans, reports, and commu-

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I

nications, from numerous individuals, either directly or indirectly connected with the British Government. We shall content ourselves with particularly noticing some of the most remarkable of these documents, referring our readers to the author's preface for the remainder.

The letters from Torcy and Harcourt, the one secretary of state and the other minister at Madrid, relative to the testament of Charles the Second and the Bourbon succession, possess the inestimable merit of unfolding the views and conduct of Louis the Fourteenth with regard to those extraordinary and momentous transactions so fully as to leave, in our opinion, no room for any future doubt or controversy on the subject. It is indeed rendered most manifest, by Torcy's own share in this correspondence, and directly in contradiction to the repeated asseverations made by him in his published memoirs, that the French king was really at the bottom of all the intrigues which led to the nomination of his grandson. To enable our readers to judge more correctly of the value of these papers, and at the same time spare ourselves the trouble of recurring to the subject, we shall in this place present them with the grounds on which Mr. Coxe has drawn the conclusion, in which we fully agree with him.

'A few remarks,' he says, 'will shew that the French secretary contradicts himself, and that he is involved in the embarrassment of a man who is conscious of the truth, but unwilling to avow it.

'1. He describes Portocarrero as principally instrumental in extorting the will from Charles.

'2. He owns that Portocarrero had zealously devoted himself to France, even before the death of the Bavarian prince, and mentions his repeated professions of attachment to that cause, which he (the cardinal) called the cause of truth and justice.

'3. That Harcourt exactly informed the king of the state of the Spanish court and nation.

'4. That Harcourt maintained a constant communication with Portocarrero, and among other instances in which he referred to the approbation or advice of the cardinal, mentions the celebrated memorial in favour of the Bourbon claims.

'5. That after the departure of Harcourt, Portocarrero promised to communicate to Blécourt every thing which might contribute to facilitate the nomination of a French prince.

'6. That Louis was acquainted with the intentions of Charles in favour of his family, by means of Cardinal Janern, who was charged with the affairs of France at Rome.

'7. That Blécourt wrote to his court, "that, according to

the reports at Madrid, a son of the dauphin was called to the throne, and that Portocarrero had constantly and usefully laboured for this end."

'Without adverting to other facts of a similar nature, which it would be easy to adduce, we may from these avowals appeal to the impartial judgment of the reader, whether Louis could be ignorant of the machinations at Madrid, in favour of his grandson; whether he could be unacquainted with the execution and contents of the will; and lastly, whether the transfer of the crown to a Bourbon prince, can be said to have been effected by intrigues and without human intervention.

'Indeed, since this transaction has ceased to have a national and personal interest, the authority of Torcy has chiefly weighed with those English authors who still make it a question of party; for the most intelligent foreign writers, not excepting even the French themselves, admit the intrigues of Louis, and describe his conduct as the result of a systematic design to raise a prince of his own blood to the Spanish throne.—Note, p. 69, vol. I.

These letters are preserved in the Hardwicke papers, which also contain those of Sir Luke Schaub and Earl Stanhope in the years 1717 and 1718.

The correspondence of Bubb Dodington, who was envoy in Spain from 1714 to 1716, is principally interesting, from the insight which it gives into the character of Alberoni, and of his short but brilliant administration, as that of Sir William Stanhope and of the Sicilian abbots Platania and Caraccioli is with regard to the administration of Ripperda.

Two very considerable and important periods in this history, viz. from 1723 to 1742, and from 1749 to 1757, were filled by the residence of Sir Benjamin Keene at Madrid, in the respective characters of consul, envoy plenipotentiary, and ambassador. Of this personage and his valuable correspondence, the following is the character drawn by Mr. Coxe himself, who has added to it the opinion of one who must be considered as no incompetent judge.

'It would be needless to enlarge on the advantage I have derived from this unrivalled collection in regard to the administrations of La Paz and Patiño; the causes of the war in 1742, and above all in narrating the life and reign of Ferdinand the Sixth, which are comparatively little known even to the Spaniards themselves. Lastly, this collection has furnished the interesting correspondence with Mr. Pitt, on the attempt to implicate Spain in the war against France by the cession of Gibraltar. It has seldom been the lot of a public minister to fill

so important a post as Sir Benjamin Keene, for so long a period of time, and with such general success; or to enjoy the honour of so intimate an intercourse with the sovereigns at whose court he resided.

'The late Earl of Hardwicke, who was an accurate judge of diplomatic merit, once purposed to publish an analysis of so valuable a portion of our diplomatic treasures; and thus spoke of Sir Benjamin Keene and his correspondence in his intended preface:

"Sir Benjamin Keene was remarkable for a thorough knowledge of the secret springs of the Spanish cabinet. The portraits he has drawn are singularly striking and descriptive; and the sketch he has left of Ferdinand the Sixth and his queen Barbara; of the discordant characters of Carvajal and Ensenada; of the means which he employed to procure the disgrace of Ensenada, and the appointment of Wall, is the most interesting narrative of secret history that ever was given in the dispatches of any ambassador. He was a perfect master of the forms of business in Spain, and always negotiated with temper, firmness, and address. He never miscarried for want of laying his stress on the proper argument, or misapplying the means of enforcing it. His skill in the Spanish language contributed greatly to the success of his negotiations. He knew how to accommodate himself to the circumstances of the times, and to adapt his conduct to the temper of the court in which he resided, and of the ministers with whom he negotiated. Such justice is now done to the memory of Sir Benjamin Keene, that a comparison with him carries with it the eulogium of any foreign minister."—Preface, p. xvi.

The correspondence of Lord Rochford from 1763 to 1767, of Lord Malmesbury, in 1770, relative to the dispute concerning the Falkland islands, of Lord Grantham from 1771 to 1779, and of Lord Auckland during the administration of Florida Blanca, are among the most important of Mr. Coxe's remaining diplomatic treasures. We cannot now stop to particularize the several other documents for which he expresses his obligations to the late Earl of Orford, and shall merely mention the statement of Florida Blanca's administration written by himself, and the statistical account of the Spanish monarchy, of both which entire translations are subjoined by the author to his first volume. We have shewn enough of the materials for the volumes to answer our purpose of conveying a suitable impression to our readers of their importance, and shall now proceed to bestow upon them some of the amusement and gratification which we have ourselves derived from the perusal of their contents. In

doing this, we shall designedly pass over many events and anecdotes, which, however interesting in themselves, are here communicated to us upon the authority of already published works, for the purpose of devoting a larger space to selections from the unpublished documents. Yet, notwithstanding this general intention, we shall be excused for bringing our readers in some measure acquainted with a few of the principal actors in the drama of the succession, and the celebrated war to which it gave rise, through the medium of the lively St. Simon, St. Philippe, and Noailles.

The indolent character of Philip, when not roused by the immediate pressure of circumstances to personal exertion, is well known, and is placed in the strongest light by the perpetual anxiety and uneasiness in which it involved the French monarch, and his constant intermeddling with the minutest concerns of his grandson's government which that anxiety naturally produced, and perhaps in some measure justified.

'I humbly request your majesty,' writes the young queen (Maria Louisa of Savoy) in a letter to Louis bearing date only a twelvemonth from the time of their marriage, 'to employ all the authority which you have, from so many motives, over the king your grandson, that he may accustom himself to say with a firm tone, *I will*, or *I will not*; finally, that he may endeavour to imitate you. He would be a perfect prince if he could attain this. I see in that case only one thing which ought to give me pain; it is that I should love him too much, for you know even in things the most allowable, there ought to be moderation.'

But the infirmity of Philip's mind arose from the constitutional defects of his body, and was not to be removed either by the spirited though affectionate exhortations of a beloved wife, or by the persecuting remonstrances of a parent, whom from early habit, joined to the necessities of his situation at first assuming the crown of Spain, he could never learn to consider in any other light than that of a sovereign. A fine contrast, however, to this constitutional imbecility is afforded by many parts of his conduct when under the influence of strong excitement; and scarcely any hero of antiquity deserves more admiration and higher praise either for personal valour or mental constancy and endurance than the first Bourbon monarch of Spain during the whole of the arduous contest which followed so close on his accession to 'the polished perturbation, golden care,' of his disputed diadem. Even in

the peaceful administration of his government, much as the reader of his history is disgusted with the pervading fault of his character, he will yet be divided between contempt and pity for his weakness, while in the natural simplicity and rectitude of his heart and principles, and the soundness of his understanding, there is enough to excite his esteem and even his love for the individual. Of all the remarkable circumstances of the times, one which reflects the greatest honour both on his own, and the national character of the people committed to his charge, is that, notwithstanding the inveterate prejudice of Spaniards against the French, aggravated as it had been by the general conviction of the fraudulent intrigues employed by Louis to bring about the succession, and exasperated by the continual and injudicious interference of that king and his ministers in the internal administration of Spain, so great was their enthusiasm in favour of a prince who was now *de facto* their sovereign, and who had exhibited proofs of a courage and firmness always dear to the chivalrous feelings of the nation, that they bore him at last successfully through the struggle against forces decidedly superior, and obstacles apparently insurmountable. Both the political and military history of this memorable war deserve to be closely studied by the statesmen and generals of the present day; and the Spanish character as displayed in its various and shifting scenes, serves on more than one occasion to illustrate that of their descendants, the victors of Baylen, the defenders of Saragossa, the thousand times beaten, routed, dispersed, but ever unconquered and unconquerable people. Could ambition ever stop while pursuing its purposes for reflection on the lessons of past experience, Bonaparte might have read the history of the succession, and been taught by it to retain as allies those whom he would never have hoped to reduce to subjects.

To return from this digression. If Philip could at times assume the hero, his first queen, to whom we have already introduced our readers, was fitted as much as the most heroic female we read of in history, to stimulate and exalt his latent energy. She is thus described at the period of her first meeting with her husband.

‘ Maria Louisa had scarcely entered her fourteenth year, and appeared still more youthful from the smallness of her stature; but her spirit and understanding partook of the early maturity of her native climate, and to exquisite beauty of person and countenance she united the most captivating manners and

graceful deportment. Her character and disposition had been keenly scrutinized, and as her father's (the Duke of Savoy's) wily and ambitious spirit had become proverbial, Louis dreaded lest a court, the most adroit, refined, and enterprising in Italy, should attempt to rule by her agency. To prevent therefore the effects which might result from a confidential intercourse with Turin, the strictest (though secret) orders were given to dismiss all her Piedmontese attendants when she reached the Spanish frontier, and to place her under the direction of her camerara-mayor, the princess Orsini, who had previously joined her on board the galley in which she had sailed from the coast of Genoa. The execution of this unwelcome order made a deep impression on the mind of the young princess, who was sensibly affected by the sorrow of her attendants, and gave way to the most bitter lamentations. Her excessive grief confirmed the vigilant jealousy of the French court; in conformity with their previous orders, the princess and Marsin restrained the impatience of the youthful bridegroom; and even after the solemnization of the nuptials extorted from him his consent to a temporary separation till the spirit of the queen had been subdued. The expedient produced its effect; and Louville was dispatched to France to announce the marriage as well as the victory which was thus supposed to have been gained over the machinations of the court of Turin.

In reply to this communication, Louis sent to his grandson a series of instructions by way of advice, to strengthen him against the ascendancy which he apprehended; and this letter, preserved by Noailles, is extremely curious, from the strong light that it reflects on the character both of the writer and of him to whom it is addressed.

'The court of France, however, and its agents soon discovered that all their suspicions were groundless; and that the grief of the queen, far from being an artifice of studied policy, was the sorrow natural to her youth and lively temper on being separated from her early associates. But they were soon equally convinced that no expedient could prevent her amiable qualities from gaining an uncontrollable ascendancy over the mind of her doting and pliant husband; and their next care was employed to manage Philip by her agency, and direct her conduct by means of the princess Orsini, of whose zeal and attachment they were well assured.'—Vol. I. p. 45, &c.

The character and history of the very extraordinary woman last mentioned are, from the influence which she possessed in the administration of the Spanish monarchy during the first fourteen years of the reign of Philip, objects of no inconsiderable curiosity and importance; and in the memoirs now before us, they also are placed in the strongest light by the frequent extracts from her own cor-

responcence. But as these extracts, amusing as they are, are drawn from no original or unpublished sources, we pass them by and hasten to a more advanced period of our annals. The queen, Maria Louisa, died in the year 1714, and on her death, her poor husband abandoned himself to the excess of grief and despondency, from which nothing could recall him, but the project immediately set on foot by his courtiers (who knew and understood his real character *) of marrying him again. For this purpose various schemes were formed, as suited the respective views of each individual projector; and among the rest, the princess Orsini has been very commonly charged, notwithstanding her being far advanced in life at the time of the queen's death, with having entertained designs of securing for herself the vacant place.

‘Such a project is necessarily involved in impenetrable mystery, but if we may attach credit to the assertion of Alberoni and Elizabeth Farnese, and even the avowal of Philip himself, the design was certainly formed, and perhaps frustrated only by a sense of shame, which the well-timed sarcasms of the confessor excited in the mind of Philip †.

At all events, the poor princess was in the end outwitted by a more able intriguer than herself. In the hopes of securing a continuance of at least the same degree of influence as she had enjoyed during the life of her first mistress, she now cast her eyes on the courts of the petty princes of Europe for a match suitable to her purpose.

‘In this search, a casual suggestion of Alberoni, the subtle agent of the duke of Parma, induced her to fix her choice on a princess of the house of Farnese. Being engaged in conversation with Alberoni, while the funeral procession of the late queen was passing, she remarked, “We must provide a new wife for the king, and added the names of different princesses. The wily Italian raised objections to each, and penetrating her design, observed, “You must find one quiet and docile, and not likely to interfere in state affairs.” The princess asking, “Where shall we discover such a person?” he rapidly recapitulated the princely families of Europe; and then, as if by accident recollecting himself, carelessly mentioned Elizabeth Far-

* ‘A man whom Alberoni coarsely characterized by the phrase, “he needs only a wife and a prayer-book.”

† ‘Le roi, says Duclos, aimant a s’entretenir des nouvelles de France avec son confesseur, lui demanda un jour ce qui se disoit de nouveau à Paris : Sire, repondit Robinat, on y dit que V. M. va épouser Madame des Ursins. Oh ! pour cela, non, dit le Roi stichement, et passa.’ *Mem. Secrets*, t. I. p. 74.

nese, daughter of Edward, deceased duke of Parma, adding with the same tone of simplicity and indifference, "She is a good girl, plump, healthy, and well-fed, brought up in the petty court of her uncle, duke Francis, and accustomed to hear of nothing but needle-work and embroidery *."

Such was the origin of the elevation of Elizabeth Farnese to the throne of Spain, which in the event was destined to involve all Europe in wars as obstinate and bloody as that which had signalized the accession of her husband to the monarchy. Its immediate effect as to the fate of its principal contriver and dupe, the princess Orsini, however tragical to herself, presents to our readers at this distance of time a broad and amusing piece of comedy. In the midst of her exultation at the success of her scheme,

'she discovered with indignation and alarm that she had been grossly deceived in the character of the future queen; who, instead of a simple and pliant girl, was of a temper and genius which scorned controul; and though apparently obedient to the mandates of a severe mother and rigorous step-father, possessed a spirit and understanding far above her age and sex. The information was not lost; for the jealous favourite instantly dispatched the most pressing orders to suspend the conclusion of the match. Her messenger arrived at Parma on the very morning of the ceremony; but as the object of his commission was suspected, he was stopped at the entrance of the city, and by bribes and threats induced to delay his appearance till the ensuing day.' Vol. ii. p. 86, 89, &c.

The dramatic effect of what follows is so admirable that, although the narrative is adopted from Duclos and St. Simon, we must in part repeat it. The princess having failed in her attempt to defeat the match she had herself made, was driven to put the best face upon the unavoidable calamity, and set out from Madrid in company with Philip to meet the bride.

'On the evening of the first day they reached Alcala; and here the princess, who had resumed her office of Camerara Mayor, quitted him to meet her new mistress. She passed on to Xadaca, a small village four miles beyond Guadalaxara, where the queen arrived while she was taking some refreshment. She instantly quitted the table, met the queen at the foot of the stairs, and, kneeling, kissed her hand. She was received with

* 'Era una buona Lombarda, impastata da buttero e formaggio Picentino, elevata alla casalinga, et avezza di non sentirsi di altro parlare che di mertelli, ricami, e tele.' Poggiali: *Memoire Storiche di Piacenza*, p. 279.

apparent complacency, and in virtue of her office conducted her royal mistress to her apartment.

'She began to express the usual compliments, and to hint at the impatience of the royal bridegroom. But she was thunder-struck when the queen interrupted her with bitter reproaches, and affected to consider her dress and deportment as equally disrespectful. A mild apology served only to rouse new fury; the queen haughtily silenced her remonstrances, and exclaimed to the guard, "Turn out that mad-woman, who has dared to insult me." She even assisted in pushing her out of the apartment.

'She called the officer in waiting, and commanded him to arrest the princess and convey her to the frontier. The officer, hesitating and astonished, represented that the king alone had power to give such an order. "Have you not," she indignantly exclaimed, "his majesty's order to obey me without reserve?" On his replying in the affirmative, she impatiently rejoined, "Then obey me." As he still persisted in requiring a written authority, she called for pen and ink, and wrote the order on her knee!

'The princess was instantly placed in a coach, with only one female attendant, and two officers, without being permitted to change her dress. In this manner, and under an escort of fifty dragoons, she was conveyed during the whole night, which was so severe that the hand of the coachman was frost-bitten and mortified; and so dark that they were guided by the light of the snow. Astonishment and consternation at first benumbed her senses and suspended her faculties. But this state of sullenness gave place to indignation and despair, and these passions were succeeded by deep and bitter reflections on such unexpected, such violent, and unjustifiable treatment.'

For some time she supported herself by imagining that the king would interfere in her favour; but

'as she proceeded on her journey, and no news arrived, her hopes became fainter and fainter, and at length gradually vanished. Circumstances, which in the first emotion had not touched, now began to affect her. No bed, no provisions, no change of dress, nor even of linen; no defence against the severity of the weather, was to be expected till she arrived at St. Jean de Luz. These multiplied inconveniences excited the most violent transports of rage in a woman so imperious and ambitious, so long accustomed to unbounded power and public consideration, so long habituated to the servility of a court, and the luxuries and indulgencies of authority and affluence.'

At length an account reached her which extinguished all remaining hope.

'She became suddenly resigned; she shed no tears; she uttered no sigh; she expressed neither regret nor reproach; she shewed no symptom of feminine weakness. She supported

without complaint the extreme cold, the want of common necessities, and the fatigue of her journey, and by her patience and fortitude excited the admiration of her guards and attendants.' Vol. ii. p. 90, &c.

Such is the account of a transaction seldom paralleled even in the capricious annals of the most despotic court; and such was the first act of this 'buona Lombarda, impastata da buttero e formaggio Picentino,' on entering a kingdom to which she was an entire stranger, to marry a man whom she had never seen. The character of Elizabeth Farnese requires no farther illustration than in this simple anecdote. Her marriage was almost immediately followed by the elevation of Alberoni to the principal management of affairs which, however, he was prudent enough for some time to execute with the title merely of envoy from the court of Parma.

The early history, and first rise at court, of this fortunate and enterprising adventurer, are known to the world through the medium of several different publications. But, owing to national prejudices and the misrepresentations of party spirit, no writer, either French or English, has left us the means of duly appreciating the greatness of his real character and the important services which it enabled him to render to his adopted country. The attention which he paid to the views and interests of his royal patroness, was but the means by which he proposed to himself to attain the ends of a more laudable ambition; and the following *exposé* of his designs which is drawn from the authentic correspondence of the Sicilian abbots before mentioned, appears to us to assist materially in fixing a proper estimate of his political character.

Perfectly acquainted with the ruling passions of Philip and the queen, he knew that his hopes of advancement depended on holding forth the prospect of realizing their respective designs. He found, indeed, the nation exhausted by the recent contest, by a defective system of government, and by an endless series of abuses; but he won the royal ear while tracing remedies and improvements; and he calculated on the native energy of the Spanish character and the vast resources of the monarchy. Aware, however, that a period of tranquillity was necessary to give effect to his measures and accumulate the means for future enterprize, he does not appear to have flattered the passion of Philip for war; but according to his own avowal, which is corroborated by the tenour of his discourses with the British envoy, he invariably inculcated the maxim, "If your majesty will maintain your country in peace for five years, I will pledge myself to render you the most powerful monarch in Europe." To

prove the truth of his promises he employed the able assistance of his friend Baron Ripperda, in tracing a new system of political economy, for improving the finances, reducing the expenditure, correcting abuses, reviving trade, raising a navy and army, and restoring Spain to its former ascendancy in the civilized world. This plan, presented and supported by the queen, captivated the sanguine imagination of Philip, who was fond of splendid designs, and conscious of the mismanagement which pervaded every department of the state.

The first public act accomplished by Alberoni in furtherance of this system of policy was the signature of the commercial treaty with England, than which, perhaps, the relative situation of the two countries with each other and with France at that time considered, a bolder operation scarcely occurs in all the annals of courts and cabinets. The correspondence of Mr. Dodington sets this business in a correct light, and throws over it much of very valuable political instruction. The further advancement and consummation of his plan by a close alliance with the English court was unexpectedly frustrated by the triple league; and nothing more strongly proves the strength of his genius than his rising superior to a disappointment so severe and a danger so imminent. The 25th and 26th chapters of Mr. Coxe's History, which are full of extracts from Dodington's Correspondence, set all these matters in the clearest light, and completely contradict the charge of his having been the cause of the war in 1717.

'It is singular,' observes our author in a note, 'that almost every writer, whether domestic or foreign, has accused Alberoni as the only cause of the aggression, and St. Philippe, whose judgment in other instances we have found reason to approve, considers the correspondence through the duke of Popoli as a mere political farce. We feel it, however, necessary to differ from such respectable authorities. The characters of Philip and his queen, as drawn by those who most accurately observed them, shew that they wanted no foreign stimulus to excite their ambition; while the situation of the two courts of Madrid and Vienna, and the known reluctance with which Philip abandoned Italy, render it as little necessary to argue that Alberoni was not the original projector, but merely the able executor of their hostile designs. We may refer to the very letter of the minister himself, which we have given in the text, and appeal with confidence to every impartial judge, whether it was possible to use such cogent arguments, without feeling their force, and as a mere blind to the purpose which he was determined to execute.

'The two Sicilian abbots, Platania and Caraccioli, who pos-

sessed the most accurate knowledge of the court and cabinet, exculpate Alberoni from the charges of being the instigator and prime mover of the war. The whole correspondence of the British envoy, Mr. Dodington, who was in almost daily intercourse with this great statesman, evinces his anxiety to avert a rupture in the early stages of the dispute. The mighty preparations, yet only commenced in Spain, as well as the imperfect state in which the expeditions both against Sicily and Sardinia were sent out, fully demonstrate, that it was his interest rather to temporize than to hurry into a war. Lastly, to these decisive proofs, we may add his own solemn, invariable, and frequent asseverations, both in public and private, both during his ministry and after his fall, and the virtual acknowledgment in the answer to his celebrated apology, which reluctantly admits his justification.' p. 162. n.

No minister ever so fully imbibed the spirit of Polonius's instructions to his son as Alberoni.

'Beware

Of entrance into quarrel, but being urged,

Bear't that the opposer may beware of thee.'

Whatever misrepresentation there may have been as to his conduct previous to the commencement of hostilities, the subsequent operations of the war speak for themselves; and never did Spain, in the full plenitude of her power, present so imposing an aspect to the world as now that she was weakened and exhausted both in finance and population, from the effects of that severe internal contest which had been only five years before brought to its termination. Our limits will not admit of our entering more at large into the history of these transactions, or the more sad detail of the ultimate disappointment of all his magnificent plans and aspiring hopes, or of the intrigues which at length paved the way to his downfall. That event, though scarcely less sudden and mysterious than the disgrace of the princess Orsini, was marked by one circumstance which speaks more than volumes in the fallen statesman's favour.

'Before he withdrew from the political scene, he experienced a revulsion of the public sentiment, which has seldom occurred in the history of disgraced ministers. Detested as a foreigner and an upstart, and loaded with popular execration, while in power, the moment of disgrace became the signal of a triumph as flattering as it was unexpected. A chivalrous and high spirited nation overlooked his errors, his faults, and his misfortunes, in the recollection of his superior talents and meritorious services: at his last levee, such a croud of nobles, gentry, and clergy flocked to pay their final respects, and condole with him in his disgrace, as he had never witnessed even in the height of

power. The king was alarmed and chagrined by this proof of public esteem, and ordered him to take his departure a day before the term originally prescribed.

'If the circumstances of his fall were honourable to the minister himself, they were degrading to his sovereigns. Philip and the queen had scarcely dismissed him, before they imputed the whole blame of the war to his turbulent spirit. With equal want of dignity and generosity, they lamented his ascendancy, loaded him with unmerited accusations, and meanly joined in the persecution of a minister, whose principal crime was the zeal and fidelity with which he had laboured to realize their vast designs. In the second audience which they granted to the British ambassador, they declared that Alberoni had invariably deceived them, and prostituted their royal names to others; that his impostures tended no less to the detriment of the public, than to that of individuals; that he employed a secretary who could imitate every hand; and had shewn them forged letters for the purpose of ruining in their opinion and removing those whom he suspected; that his suspicions usually fell on persons of character; and that there was no crime of which he was not capable, even of poisoning and assassination. For these reasons they intreated the king of England to employ his interest with the regent and emperor, for the purpose of prevailing on the pope to deprive him of the purple, and retain him in perpetual confinement. These cruel accusations were the prelude to the most bitter persecutions. Spain even vied with the allied powers in pursuing Alberoni with a virulence and vengeance of which recent periods have seldom shewn an example, in regard to a minister charged with no specific and heinous crime.

'It is gratifying to contemplate the behaviour of extraordinary men in those trying situations which shake the firmest mind; and fortunately, the general interest attached to the character and habits of Alberoni, enables us to indulge this curiosity. In the struggle of contending passions, which followed his disgrace, the exiled minister sought consolation in a work, which is calculated to inspire contempt for the delusive vanities of a transitory world. A copy of Thomas à Kempis de Imitatione Christi, is preserved in the ducal library at Parma with marginal remarks in his own hand, recording the ordinary events of his journey, and other occurrences, which shew it to have been his daily companion. The bitterness of adversity was, however, no sooner past, than the deep rooted habits of the scholar and the statesman again predominated. The anecdotes preserved of his late conversations, prove that in the tranquil portion of his varied life, he again resorted to the cultivation of classic literature, and, over the pages of Tacitus and Livy, revived the memory of former greatness and past enterprises.' II. 233, 235, &c.

For the details of his domestic government, the outline of those important plans which he formed for the restoration of the Spanish monarchy to internal health and strength, as well as for the description of his person, manners, and private qualities, we must be content to refer only to our author, assuring the reader, who has hitherto learned to contemplate this extraordinary person only as an instance of fortunate and splendid ambition, that they will here be taught to form a very different and a much more just as well as favourable estimate of one of the greatest characters that adorn the page of Spanish political history.

One of the principal instruments of his fall was a personage no less extraordinary, but possessing very inferior claims to the admiration of posterity than himself,—the famous Ripperda; but it was several years later, not till after the strange act of his sovereign's abdication, the death of Louis, and Philip's consequent resumption of the crown in 1725, that his well known and extravagant plan for an Austrian alliance and a consequent establishment for the children of Elizabeth Farnese, raised him through the medium of court favour to the pinnacle of his short-lived greatness. The account of his memorable intrigues at the court of Vienna, which is here given on the authority of the Sicilian abbots above-mentioned and of several other MSS. in the Walpole papers, is calculated to throw much historical light on his character and transactions. Subtle as he was, he did not trust for success to his talents for negotiation. Speaking of his intrigues for concluding a marriage between the Arch-Duchess Maria Theresa (the heiress of the Austrian dominions) and Don Carlos, the historian adds,

'The design encountered the strongest opposition from the empress, from the arch-duchess herself, who was attached to the duke of Lorraine, and the ministers, who were devoted to the ancient system of Austrian policy. But the agent of Spain, supplied with immense sums, did not spare his largesses. *Even the emperor himself did not blush to encourage this venal traffic by his own example.* Of all the Austrian ministers, Eugene alone maintained his integrity, and every obstacle seemed to be gradually diminishing under the powerful influence of money.' p. 331.

And he informs us in a note, on the authority of Mr. Stanhope's dispatches, that the sums distributed by Ripperda in the interval from July to September amounted to no less than 570,000 pistoles.

About this same period occurred an incident which

'swept away all the remaining objections of the Spanish court, and precipitated the conclusion of this singular and mysterious transaction.' This incident was no other than the precipitate and shameful dismissal of the infant, the intended wife of Louis the Fifteenth, by the regent duke of Bourbon. The insult itself, as well as the impression it made on the Spanish court, have been recorded by every historian; but it is amusing to see the curtain withdrawn upon such occasions, and the following description of the manner in which the intelligence was received by Elizabeth Farnese gives us as lively a representation as the best finished portrait. The authorities for it are our ministers, Stanhope and Keene, and the Sicilian abbots.

'The plan being matured, Tessé was recalled, and the communication of the unwelcome intelligence intrusted to an humbler agent, the abbot de Livry, who was detached from his embassy of Portugal, as a minister well qualified by sedateness of temper and acquaintance with the court of Madrid for so delicate a commission. He reached Madrid, ignorant of the real motive of his appointment, and was overwhelmed with concern and terror at the communication of the orders with which he was charged. He was directed to demand an audience, and deliver the letters of excuse from the king and the duke, without any previous hint of their contents, that a pretext might not be found to refuse receiving them. But his mind was too deeply agitated to fulfil the injunction. When presented, he fell on his knees, burst into tears, and betrayed his errand by a confused apology. The effect was such as might have been expected from sovereigns so ardent in their temper and so affectionately attached to their children. The letters were indignantly rejected, and the queen, tearing a picture of Louis the Fifteenth from her bracelet, trampled it under foot, exclaiming, "All the Bourbons are a race of devils!" But recollecting the relationship of her husband, she turned to him, and added, "Except your majesty." The minister, confounded and dispirited, was dismissed from the royal presence with ignominy and contempt.' p. 332.

'In the first burst of resentment, the violence of the queen extorted from Philip a decree for the departure of every Frenchman, without exception. On reflection, however, he became sensible of the injustice and even impracticability of this order, and adopted a whimsical expedient to pacify his imperious consort. Calling his valets, he made them open his wardrobes and prepare his trunks as if for a journey. The queen entering amidst this bustle, demanded the cause of such preparations. "Is it not decreed," asked Philip, "that all the French should leave Spain? I am a Frenchman, and therefore am preparing for my journey." This ludicrous expedient was more effectual than serious remonstrances; the queen smiled, and the order

was countermanded. Philip and the queen immediately sent for the English ambassador, Mr. Stanhope. They recapitulated all the irritating circumstances of the indignity they had suffered, and inveighed against the Duke of Bourbon, for aggravating the outrage by his duplicity. Though in the presence of a public minister, the queen could not restrain her natural impetuosity. "This one-eyed scoundrel," she exclaimed, "has sent back my daughter because the king would not create the husband of his harlot a grandee of Spain!" Philip, with more decorum, added, "I am resolved to separate myself for ever from France," &c. &c. p. 324.

Diplomatic correspondence is oftentimes extremely amusing to us inhabitants of the lower world. But we do not know that it is altogether for the interest of the gods above that the curtain should be withdrawn which veils the cabinet councils of Olympus from the eyes of profane mortals.

Ripperda owed his ruin to the indulgence of the same sanguine spirit which had helped him in his ascension to power. A well-drawn comparison between this extraordinary adventurer and his predecessor, Alberoni, to which we can only refer our reader, sets the talents and character of each in a stronger light by opposition. It concludes thus.

'But while we place Alberoni in a rank far superior, it would be unjust to withhold from Ripperda the merit of having suggested many useful schemes which were executed by other ministers. He evidently projected most of the commercial regulations adopted by Alberoni; and the bare outline of the plans sketched in a preceding chapter will suffice to prove how greatly his successor, Patiño, profited by his ideas and designs. Indeed Ripperda may justly be regarded as one of the principal authors of the new commercial system established in Spain, since the commencement of the last century.' p. 361.

Our limits forbid our entering at all into the many original and interesting details of the characters and successive administrations of Grimaldo, Patiño, and others who sat at the helm of affairs till the conclusion of the reign of Philip, or of the wars of the Polish and Austrian succession, the conquest of Naples, the naval operations in the West Indies, or the many other transactions foreign and domestic which occupied the remainder of his life, and of which, as we have already stated, the volumes now before us afford such particulars as are no where else to be met with.

The following sketch of the character of the monarch
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himself, and of the long and eventful period during which he filled the Spanish throne, is all that we can find room for at present. In a future number we shall resume the subject and conduct our readers through the reigns of his two sons, Ferdinand the Sixth and Charles the Third.

It would be difficult to select a period within the last two centuries in which the interests and welfare of the nation were so frequently sacrificed to the private views, passions, and prejudices of the sovereigns. Yet, when we consider how frequently Philip was misled by his artful queen, and the ministers of her choice, it would be unjust to attribute to him alone the machinations and troubles which the restless court of Madrid excited in Europe, from the period when he was left in tranquil possession of the throne. With regard, however, to the beneficial regulations which mark his reign, his eager desire of information, and the pleasure with which he invariably listened to projects of reform and details of improvement, prove that if he had not himself talents to invent, he had at least the merit of approving and sanctioning the plans of others. To this solicitude, Spain owes many advantages. On his accession, the country was totally exhausted; without a marine or efficient army, without industry or manufactures, with scarcely a remnant of her ancient power, wealth, and grandeur. He left an army which, though reduced by the Italian war, had vindicated the national honour in many a well-fought field, a marine which once more awakened the attention of Europe, and establishments which proved the revival of industry, trade, and the arts. But even in this branch of government, we observe the same inconsistency as in the other parts of his conduct. After the ministry of Alberoni, we no longer witness the same zeal and activity for internal amelioration. Few efficient measures were adopted to introduce into the general system of taxation that improvement which Orri had effected in the mode of collection; or to prosecute the projects begun by Alberoni, for facilitating internal communications, and freeing trade and industry from the trammels imposed by interest and ignorance. On the contrary, the resources which might have been effectually applied to such beneficial purposes, were squandered in splendid and too frequently unprofitable enterprizes. Indeed the general principle of his political economy appears rather to have been an inveterate prejudice against England, than the rules of sound and liberal policy. Instead of calling into action the inexhaustible riches which nature has lavished on the peninsula, instead of establishing his plans of improvement on the extensive and stable basis of agriculture, he scorned to minister to the skill and industry of a less favoured climate, and hurried into a premature competition with the trade and marine of England, as dangerous in it-

self as it was contrary to the habits and prejudices, and incompatible with the situation, of his subjects.' p. 61. Vol. iii.

As a counterpoise to this summary of ruinous faults must be set the many excellent and benevolent national establishments of the reign of Philip. He added, it is said, 45,000,000 piastres to the debts of his predecessors; 'a sum not large in itself, but too great for the limited resources of the monarchy.'

His restless, ambitious, and overbearing consort, survived him 20 years.

'An intelligent traveller, (Clarke) thus describes her in the decline of life. Though she is now seventy years of age, she keeps the same hours that Philip did, and turns night into day. When she gives audience, she is held by two supporters, being unable to stand long; and, though almost blind, retains her ancient spirit and vivacity.'

ART. II.—*The Beauties of Christianity; by F. A. de Chateaubriand. Author of Travels in Greece and Palestine, Atala, &c. Translated from the French by Frederic Shoberl. With a Preface and Notes by the Rev. Henry Kett, B. D. Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. London: Colburn. 3 vols 8vo. 1813.*

THE following are the titles of the different parts and books into which this work is divided.

Part I. Book I. Tenets and Doctrine. II. Virtuous and Moral Laws. III. The Truths of the Scriptures; the Fall of Man. IV. Continuation of the Truths of Scripture. Objections against the System of Moses. V. The Existence of God demonstrated by the Wonders of Nature. VI. The Immortality of the Soul proved by Morals and by the Feelings.

Part II. The Poetry of Christianity. Book I. General survey of Christian epic Poems. II. Of Poetry considered in its Relations to Man. Characters. III. Of Poetry considered in its Relations to Man. The subject continued. The Passions. IV. Of the Marvellous; of Poetry in its Relations to Supernatural Beings. V. The Bible and Homer.

Part III. The Fine Arts and Literature. Book I. The Fine Arts. II. Philosophy. III. History. IV. Eloquence. V. The Harmonies of the Christian Religion with the Scenes of Nature and the Passions of the human Heart.

Part IV. Worship. Book I. Churches, Ornaments, Singing, Prayers, &c. II. Tombs. III. General View of the Clergy. IV. Missions. V. Military Orders. VI. Of the Services rendered to Mankind by the Clergy, and by the Christian Religion in general.'

The contents of this work will be sufficient to advertise the reader that it is, like the mind of the author, a desultory and rather an incongruous composition.—M. de Chateaubriand is certainly a man of genius; but a genius of very irregular and eccentric movements. His imagination is often stronger than his reason; and, amidst some specimens of nice observation, recondite remark, and elegant taste, we often discern a lamentable want of judgment and a total sterility of argument. His mind is one of that description which is often found to belong to men of genius. It is at once luminous and opaque, barren and luxuriant. It is both sublime and grovelling, profound and puerile. It sometimes expands before our view a garden of sweets;—but in this garden we discover no inconsiderable spaces destitute of rational culture, or overgrown with rubbish and weeds. We by no means think the present one of his happiest performances. It has not the attraction of his *Martyrs*, or of his *Travels*; the last of which we noticed in our number for December 1811, p. 365; and the first in Vol. XVII, p. 489 of the third series of our Review.

We shall now proceed to point out some of the defects as well as some of the beauties of the present work. The first is always a painful task; but, though it excites our repugnance, we feel it a duty on this as well as on other occasions not to shrink from the performance. M. Chateaubriand has acquired, and in many respects deservedly acquired, considerable celebrity as an author; and it is therefore the more incumbent on us to prevent the unwary from being misled by his errors, perverted by his sophistry, or deluded by the fascinations of his eloquence.

Chapter 2nd. of Part 1st. Book I., is entitled, 'Of the Nature of Mysteries.' This strikes us at the outset as a strange title. For what is a mystery, according to the meaning usually affixed to it by religionists, but something incomprehensible? Suppose then that M. Chateaubriand had placed the following words at the head of this chapter, *Of the Nature of Incomprehensibles*; who would expect much illumination from the attempt of an author to explain that which he himself does not comprehend and which is incomprehensible?

We will quote the first paragraph of this wonderful chapter, 'Of the Nature of Mysteries,' and we will afterwards endeavour to analyze the several parts in order to see how much sense, or non-sense it may contain.

'No circumstance of life,' says M. Chateaubriand, is pleas-

ing, beautiful, or grand, except mysterious things. The most wonderful sentiments are those which produce impressions difficult to be explained. Modesty, chaste love, and virtuous friendship, are replete with secrets. It might be said, that hearts united by mutual affection, understand each other with half a word, and that they are never more than half disclosed. Again, is not innocence, which is no other than holy ignorance, the most ineffable of mysteries? If infancy is so happy, it is because it knows nothing, and if, old age is so wretched, it is because it has nothing to learn; but fortunately for the latter, when the mysteries of life are at an end, those of death commence.'

When the author says in the above that 'no circumstance of life is pleasing, beautiful, or grand, *except mysterious things*,' he appears to assert what, as far as it is intelligible, is not true; and, as far as it is unintelligible, we shall not spend our labour in vain in endeavouring to make out whether it be true or false. If, according to M. Chateaubriand, nothing be beautiful '*except mysterious things*,' then nothing is beautiful but what is incomprehensible. Now let us take any thing which is universally allowed to be beautiful, and see whether it is beautiful because it is incomprehensible! The statue of the Venus di Medicis is universally allowed to be in the highest degree beautiful; but what is there in it which is incomprehensible? Is it covered with a cloud so as to be rendered invisible? If it were invisible, or in other words, one of the '*mysterious things*' of which M. Chateaubriand speaks, how could we know whether it were ugly or beautiful? The fourth book of Virgil's *Æneid* is full of the most exquisite delineations of poetical beauty; but what would become of this beauty, if the descriptions and sentiments which are now so luminously distinct, were in the language of our author full of '*mysterious things*?' If every word, in which Virgil has described the passion of Dido, were incomprehensible, or according to our author, '*replete with secrets*,' how could it excite the sensation of beauty in the mind?

'The most wonderful sentiments,' says M. Chateaubriand, 'are those which produce impressions difficult to be explained.' The physiological operation of the sentiment may be '*difficult to be explained*;' because the internal process is not an object of sense; but the external effects are sufficiently visible; and no moral agency can well operate latently within, which is not palpably conspicuous without. The strongest sentiments produce the strongest excitement; and this excitement, though com-

mening in the mind and heart, will subsequently develop its effects in the features and the conduct. 'Modesty, chaste love, and virtuous friendship, are replete with secrets;' This is vaguely and indefinitely expressed; nor is it true that 'modesty, chaste love, and virtuous friendship, are replete with secrets;' or, in other words, are unintelligible to those by whom it is most requisite that they should be understood. The language of the affections may and ought to be concealed from those, for whom it is not designed, or to whom it is not addressed; but the curtain of mystery is withdrawn from those who are admitted within the sanctuary.

'Is not *innocence*,' says M. Chateaubriand, 'which is no other than *holy ignorance*, the most *ineffable of mysteries*?' Here we are again astounded; and we flounder about in the midst of words, to which we in vain endeavour to affix any precise signification. '*Innocence—holy ignorance—ineffable mysteries*'—what can all this mean? If ignorance be the absence of knowledge, how can this be holy? How can a mere privation constitute holiness? Innocence, as applied to the mind, does not consist in the absence of knowledge, but of all vicious taint proceeding from vicious conduct. It hurts us to be compelled to give a positive contradiction to a man of M. Chateaubriand's urbanity, but we must assert, with all due deference to him, that innocence is not the most ineffable of mysteries; because we do not know what a mystery is; or it would otherwise be no mystery; but we do know what innocence is, and therefore it is no mystery.

M. Chateaubriand says, 'if infancy is so happy, it is because it knows nothing; and, if old age is so wretched, it is because it has nothing to learn.' Now, according to our notions, to know nothing is to have no perception; for to perceive is to know as far as the perception extends; and, accordingly, if the happiness of infancy consisted in knowing nothing, it could have no perception even of its own happiness. But, if we separate happiness from all perception of the enjoyment in the individual, we might as well predicate happiness of a block of marble, or the stump of a tree, as of a sensitive and smiling babe.

Infancy is happy from the abundance of pleasurable sensation which the bounty of nature, or rather of the author of nature, has provided for all young animals. But infancy is so far from knowing nothing of this pleasure, or from having no perception of it, that it has as vivid, and, probably, a more vivid sense of the enjoyment than any other person of stouter growth or more matured

experience. Look at the infant revelling at the bosom of its mother as at a fountain of delight; and then tell us whether the child does not exhibit a more apparent consciousness of happiness than the lord mayor and aldermen at a city feast.

According to M. Chateaubriand, 'infancy is happy because it knows nothing; and old age is wretched because it has nothing to learn.' We have proved the first part of this assertion to be false; and it requires but little sagacity to discern that the other is not true. He supposes the happiness of the early period of life to be owing to its ignorance, and the wretchedness of the latter stage of existence to its having nothing more to learn. But, when was it ever known to happen in any country in the world, or in any period of time, that the wretchedness of a single individual was produced by such an overstock of knowledge, that nothing remained for him to know? Did any individual ever so far exhaust the universal repository of physical and moral information, that nothing was left for him to learn? The wretchedness of age may arise from various causes, as from moral regret, or from physical infirmity; but we do not believe that it was ever occasioned by the kind of omniscience which M. Chateaubriand assumes as the cause of its woe.

Mystery seems so highly agreeable to M. Chateaubriand that he speaks of it with as much rapture as any Egyptian priest, amidst the temples of ancient Thebes, would have done of the most obscure hieroglyphic which was ever employed to hide the treasures of sacerdotal imposition. The following is as lofty a specimen of rodomontade in favour of the 'ineffable' charms of mystery as we ever remember to have perused.

'Mystery is of a nature so divine, that the early inhabitants of Asia conversed only by symbols. To what science do we continually recur, unless to that which always leaves something to be divined; and which sets before our eyes an unbounded prospect? If we wander in the desert, a kind of instinct impels us to avoid the plains, where we can embrace every object at a single glance; we repair to those forests, the cradles of religion;—those forests whose shades, whose sounds, and whose silence, are full of wonders; those solitudes to which the first fathers of the church retired, and where those holy men tasted inexpressible delight. We do not pause at the foot of a modern monument; but if in a desert island, in the midst of the wide ocean, we come all at once to a statue of bronze, whose extended arm points to the regions to which the sun retires after he has finished his daily course, and whose base, covered with hieroglyphics, attests the united ravages of the billows and of

time—what a fertile source of meditation is here opened to the traveller! There is nothing in the universe but what is hidden, but what is unknown. Is not man himself an inexplicable mystery? Whence proceeds that flash of lightning which we call existence, and in what night is it about to be extinguished? The Almighty has placed birth and death, under the form of veiled phantoms, at the two extremities of our career; the one produces the incomprehensible moment of life, which the other uses every exertion to destroy.

In the first sentence of the above 'mystery is of a nature so divine, that the early inhabitants of Asia conversed only by symbols,' M. Chateaubriand makes *mystery* and *symbol* synonymous, when they are as different as that of which we know not what it means, and that of which the meaning is known. If the inhabitants of Asia conversed by symbols, those symbols must have had a conventional signification amongst the parties; for, how could they otherwise have answered the purposes, or served as the means of conversation? When two people converse the object is to be reciprocally understood; but how could there be any reciprocal understanding if both parties were to use symbols which neither could comprehend? When people talk with their fingers, is not that a kind of symbolical language, which is understood by those by whom it is used? A mystery is a secret, or something unknown, or above human capacity to comprehend; but a symbol always supposes an annexed, or associated signification.

When M. Chateaubriand talks in the passage, which we have just quoted, of instinct impelling us 'to avoid the plains,' and of repairing for our religion to the shades of the forests 'whose sounds and whose silence are full of wonders,' &c. what he says appears to us mere *verbiage*, and totally unworthy a man of his intelligence and information. But M. Chateaubriand, who, in one period of his life, passed from the depths of credulity into those of skepticism, seems now to be anxious to atone for his transient interval of apostacy, by migrating from the confines of doubt to the farthest recesses of unhesitating belief; and to exchange the cold apathy of philosophical pyrrhonism for the warm fervours of enthusiastic faith. It is said that to him who believes all things are possible; and M. Chateaubriand, who once believed so little, now believes so much, that he can swallow a mystery, even though it may happen to be as big as a mountain.

When our worthy author says that 'there is nothing

in the universe but what is hidden, but what is unknown, he must surely entertain but very contemptuous notions of the human understanding; and have formed the lowest possible estimate of the intellectual labours of man. We might refer him for a refutation of his theory to the libraries of the Vatican, the Thuilleries, or the Bodleian, or to the works of Bacon, Newton, or Locke.

M. Chateaubriand talks of 'the natural partiality of mankind for mysteries.' We are not willing to allow this *natural partiality*. M. Chateaubriand seems to confound the natural desire of discovering what is hidden and laying open what is obscure with a sort of innate instinctive fondness for the hidden and obscure. A mystery is a secret; and though mankind have a strong propensity to detect what is secret, particularly when they imagine it likely to disclose truths of great magnitude, or interests of high moment, yet who would set much value upon a secret, which he knew that, with all his sagacity or diligence, he could never disclose? For to prize such a secret would, in fact, be to prize something of the nature of a non-entity, a mere breath of air, a phantom, or a shade. To say that mankind are naturally partial to mysteries, is to say that they are naturally partial to what they do not understand. But, we should be glad to know how a partiality is to arise for that of which people cannot form a single idea of the nature or the properties, any more than of that which was never known to exist? From the continual stimulus of that curiosity, which is certainly natural to the constitution of man, we are fond of penetrating the meaning of what we do not understand; yet are we ever fond of that which we do not understand, merely because it is unintelligible, or because we are incapable of understanding it? Men are ever eager to undraw the curtain of mystery, whatever may be the secret which it may hide; but they are not fond of a mystery merely because it is a mystery. If this had been the case, why should so many volumes have been written, and so much learned pains taken to explain the mystery of the Trinity? If there be in mankind any thing like 'a natural partiality for mysteries,' why have divines, who cannot be supposed to have been wanting in their due share of this extraordinary passion, laboured so strenuously to prove and to explain a doctrine which, according to the theory of M. Chateaubriand, must have been more agreeable to their instinctive propensities, without either proof or explanation? The natural tendency of that curiosity, which belongs to the

human mind, is not patiently to acquiesce in what is intricate or obscure, but to make the one plain, and the other clear. But, if there had been 'a natural partiality for mysteries,' this would, in fact, have amounted to the same thing as a natural partiality for dearth of information; and, what is now an insatiable appetite for knowledge, would have been an invincible avidity for ignorance.

Our worthy author tells us, vol. I. 19, that there is 'no religion without mysteries,' which is the same as to say that there is no religion without a portion of unintelligible ingredients. This may, for aught we know, be true with respect to the mass of subsisting religions; but the question is, whether it be true independently of the fictions of weak and superstitious men? According to our notions, Religion is a reasonable service; but a *reasonable service*, and a *mysterious religion*, are two incompatible things. What is reasonable is that, the object and nature of which are evident to the understanding of the inquiring individual; but what is mysterious, as long as we adhere to the true meaning of the word mystery, which is an impenetrable secret, baffles all inquiry, and eludes all comprehension. That religion, which is suited for an intellectual nature, must be an intelligible thing; and consequently it must be without unintelligible mysteries. This is one of the great beauties of Christianity, though it is not one of those on which M. Chateaubriand has yet cast his eyes. The religion of Jesus is a religion void of mystery. Mysteries have been fabricated out of it, and incorporated with it; but there is no mystery in the system itself as it came from the Father of light. It was ushered into the world with these words, in which there is certainly no mystery, Peace on earth, and Good-Will towards men; and when the founder was about to quit the world, and terminate his ministry, his parting injunction to his disciples was, Love one another; in which words there is certainly no mystery. But mysteries will spring up in the area of religion, as docks and nettles and thistles in a piece of neglected land, where religion itself is considered in any other light than a reasonable service; and where Ignorance ministers at the altar, with her ordinary associates Bigotry and Intolerance.

In his love of mystery M. Chateaubriand expatiates upon what he calls '*the Christian mysteries*,' and, amongst the rest, on that of the Trinity; which, however, he is not at all more happy in explaining than his predecessors.

In another place he says, that 'the Trinity comprehends secrets of the metaphysical kind.' If they are *secrets* at all, how came M. Chateaubriand to know of what kind they are? M. Chateaubriand uses the word *mystery*, or *secret*, in an ambiguous sense, sometimes as denoting what is inexplicable; and, at other times, what is susceptible of explanation. But that which is explained is no longer a secret; and, where there is no secret, there can be no mystery. For a mystery, used in a religious sense, is either a secret or a tissue of secrets which no human intelligence can unravel or reveal.

M. Chateaubriand tells us, V. I. p. 27, that 'the redemption contains the wonders of man and the *inexplicable history* of his destination and his heart.' Now we must beg leave to ask M. Chateaubriand, what sort of *history* that is which is *inexplicable*? And we should moreover wish to know how this *inexplicable history* is to enlighten the understanding? And yet we find the author in the succeeding paragraph talking of 'the doctrine of original sin, *which*,' he says, '*explains the whole nature of man*,' as '*springing from this mystery*.'—Now to assert that a mystery, which is inexplicable, gives birth to something '*which explains the whole nature of man*,' is to us a much greater mystery than any which we have hitherto found in the whole course of our theological research. M. Chateaubriand, of whose character, as a *rational Catholic divine*, we have now had a tolerable specimen, goes on to tell us, that '*unless we admit this truth*,' (videlicet that of original sin) '*we shall be involved in impenetrable darkness*.' This is as much as to tell us the *comfortable truth* that, we can make no progress in intellectual improvement unless we first renounce the use of the understanding; or, that the best way of seeing clearly and distinctly is to shut our eyes and exclude the light. M. Chateaubriand's process for preventing us from being '*involved in impenetrable darkness*,' and making us deep divines, indeed so deep as to know '*the whole nature of man*,' is the following.—We must first assent to an *inexplicable mystery*, a secret too profound to be fathomed by the human understanding;—we must next admit another mystery, arising out of the first, and equally impenetrable and obscure, but notwithstanding this, *explaining the whole nature of man*!!—What would the Royal College of Physicians, or the worshipful company of apothecaries say of this delightful method of learning, in the compendious way of mystery, all that is, or can be, known, respecting the human

form?—In short this said M. Chateaubriand has, occasionally, as happy a knack at talking nonsense, as any gentleman of our acquaintance.

At p. 29, V. 1, M. Chateaubriand discourses with very commendable gravity on 'the two great destinations of man in the labour of his mother.' Now, according to our plain notions, man has but one destination in the labour of his mother; and that is to be born into the world. In the same page M. Chateaubriand says, 'Let us ask not our understandings but our hearts how a God can die.' If, in religious questions, we abandon the use of the understanding, what benefit are we likely to derive from consulting any other part of our frame? If the understanding tell us that a God cannot die, how is the heart, any more than the foot or the great toe to prove that he can? But we leave this question to be solved by M. Chateaubriand and his followers; but before he, or they, sit down to the examination of the problem, we would simply request them to consider how impossible it is for the cause of causation, the great *Ens Entium* for one single moment to cease to be.

M. Chateaubriand appears to think it so practicable a thing for a *God to die*, that he says to his readers, who may chance to be a little skeptical on this point, that 'if God, expiring for sinners, can neither enrapture your heart, nor inflame your understanding, it is greatly to be feared that you will never be distinguished by what a poet would call the brilliant miracles of action.' Here again we have much cry and little wool. We have fine phrases; but what have we else?

'In order,' says M. Chateaubriand, 'to suppose a redemption, the price must be at least equivalent to the thing to be redeemed.' This by no means follows: for the price depends not on the actual value of the thing, but on the mercy of him to whom it is to be paid. The ransom of a king's son may not amount to more than that of a common man, or may be entirely gratuitous, according to the clemency of the captor. It was God's love, and his love alone, which redeemed man; it was not man who paid an equivalent for his love. The redemption of man was not the effect of a tribute, but the work of grace. It was God reconciling man to himself, not by any sophistical contrivance, but as the all-bounteous father of the world.

Vol. I. p. 35, the author talks of Christ as experiencing *moral anguish*. We are anxious to know how perfect in-

nocence can feel the pangs of guilt? Guilt is the effect of criminal transgression; and cannot be separated from the criminal individual. In a physical sense, one man may carry another man's burthen, as C may become a porter for D; but he cannot bear his burthen in a moral sense; for morality is not an article of transfer, nor of bargain and sale.

At p. 36, Vol. I, Christianity is called 'the plainest book that exists;' and yet you, M. Chateaubriand, have filled it with *inexplicable mysteries*; and though these mysteries are so inexplicable, you yet make an assent to them, in spite of all the resistance of the understanding, of such infinite moment that he, who denies even the mystery of original sin, is precipitated 'into the abyss of atheism.'

We select the following as a specimen of the style of these volumes, which is generally more vague and florid than we approve; but M. Chateaubriand, occasionally, displays both imagery and sentiment which have a just claim to the title of beautiful.

'*The Death of the Christian.*—But it is in sight of this tomb, the awful approach to another world, that Christianity displays all its sublimity. If most of the ancient religions consecrated the ashes of the dead, none of them ever thought of preparing the soul for that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns."

"Come and witness the most interesting sight that earth can exhibit; come and see the Christian expire. He hath ceased to be a creature of this world: he hath ceased to belong to his native country; all connexion between him and society is at an end. For him the calculation by time is closed; and he has now begun to date from the grand æra of eternity. A priest seated by his pillow administers consolation. This servant of God cheers him with the prospect of immortality; and the sublime scene which all antiquity exhibited but once in the greatest of its dying philosophers, is daily renewed on the humble pallet of the meanest Christian who expires. At length the decisive moment arrives; a sacrament opened for this just man the gates of the world, a sacrament closes them. Religion rocked him in the cradle of life; her soothing voice and her maternal hand shall also lull him to sleep on the couch of death. His soul, nearly set free from his body, becomes almost visible in his face. Already he hears the concerts of the seraphim; already he prepares to speed his flight from the world to the regions whether Hope, the daughter of virtue and of death, invites him. Meanwhile the Angel of Peace descending towards this righteous man, with his golden sceptre touches his weary eyes, and

closes them deliciously to the light. He dies, yet his last sigh was inaudible; he expires, and long after he is no more, his friends keep silence around his couch, under the persuasion that he is only slumbering;—so gentle and so easy is the departure of this Christian! "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

The following is a specimen of M. Chateaubriand's descriptive powers; and, if it be true, which we have no reason to doubt, it furnishes at the same time a singular instance of the force of harmony, on a reptile whom we should have thought insensible to the concord of sweet sounds.

'In the month of July, 1791, we were travelling in Upper Canada with several families of savages belonging to the nation of the Onontagues. One day when we had halted in a spacious plain on the bank of the river Genesee, a rattle-snake entered our encampment. Among us was a Canadian who could play on the flute, and who, to divert us, advanced against the serpent with his new species of weapon. On the approach of his enemy, the haughty reptile curls himself into a spiral line, flattens his head, inflates his cheeks, contracts his lips, displays his envenomed fangs, and his bloody throat; his double tongue glows like two flames of fire; his eyes are burning coals; his body, swollen with rage, rises and falls like the bellows of a forge; his dilated skin assumes a dull and scaly appearance; and his tail, whence proceeds the death denouncing sound, vibrates with such rapidity as to resemble a light vapour.

'The Canadian now begins to play upon his flute; the serpent starts with surprize and draws back his head. In proportion as he is struck with the magic effect, his eyes lose their fierceness, the oscillations of his tail become slower, and the sound which it emits grows weaker and gradually dies away. Less perpendicular upon their spiral line, the rings of the charmed serpent are by degrees expanded and sink one after another upon the ground in concentric circles. The shades of azure green, white and gold recover their brilliancy on his quivering skin, and slightly turning his head he remains motionless in the attitude of attention and pleasure.

'At this moment the Canadian advanced a few steps producing with his flute sweet and simple notes. The reptile inclining his variegated neck, opens a passage with his head through the high grass and begins to creep after the musician, stopping when he stops, and beginning to follow him again as soon as he moves forward. In this manner he was led out of our camp attended by a great number of spectators both savages and Europeans, who could scarcely believe their eyes when they witnessed this wonderful effect of harmony. The assembly unanimously de-

creed that the serpent which had so highly entertained them, should be permitted to escape.'

Our next extract will show more of our author's eloquence combined with a pleasing flow of devotional feeling and much justness of sentiment.

'There is a God: the plants of the valley and the cedars of the mountain proclaim him; the insect hums his praise; the elephant salutes him with the rising day; the bird warbles his praise among the foliage; the lightning announces his power, and the ocean declares his immensity. Man alone has said, "There is no God."

'Has he then in adversity never raised his eyes towards heaven; has he in prosperity never cast them on the earth? Is Nature so far from him, that he has not been able to contemplate her works, or, does he consider them as the mere result of chance? But how could chance have compelled crude and stubborn materials to arrange themselves in such exquisite order?

'It might be asserted that man is the idea of God displayed, and that the universe is his imagination made manifest. Those who have admitted the beauty of Nature as a proof of a supreme Intelligence, ought to have pointed out one thing which greatly enlarges the sphere of wonders: it is this; motion and rest, darkness and light, the seasons, the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, which give variety to the decorations of the world, are successive only in appearance, and permanent in reality. The scene that fades upon our view is painted in brilliant colours for another people; it is not the spectacle that is changed, but the spectator. Thus God has combined, in his work, absolute duration and progressive duration: the first is placed in time, the second in space; by means of the former, the beauties of the universe are one, infinite, and invariable; by means of the latter they are multiplied, finite, and perpetually renewed. Without the one, there would be no grandeur in the creation; without the other, it would exhibit nothing but dull uniformity.

'Here time appears to us in a new point of view; the smallest of its fractions becomes a complete whole, which comprehends all things, and in which all things are modified, from the death of an insect to the birth of a world; each minute is in itself a little eternity. Combine then, at the same moment, in imagination, the most beautiful incidents of nature; represent to yourself at once all the hours of the day, and all the seasons of the year, a spring morning and an autumnal evening, a night studded with stars, and a night overcast with clouds, meadows enamelled with flowers, forests stripped by the frosts, and fields glowing with golden harvests; you will then have a just idea of the prospect of the universe. Is it not wonderful that, while

you are admiring the sun sinking beneath the western waves, another person should perceive him rising from the regions of Aurora? By what inconceivable magic is this ancient luminary which retires to rest weary and glowing in the evening, the same youthful orb that awakes bathed in dew, and rises from behind the grey curtains of the dawn? Every moment of the day, the sun is rising, glowing at his zenith, and setting on the world; or rather our senses deceive us, and there is no real sun-rise, noon, or sun-set.

We have not the French edition of this work before us, or we should have been happy to have compared the above passage with the original.

The force of the patriotic feeling is well delineated in the following.

'A savage is more powerfully attached to his hut than a prince to his palace, and the mountaineer is more delighted with his native rocks, than the inhabitant of the plain with his golden corn-fields. Ask a Scotch Highlander if he would exchange his lot with the first potentate of the earth. When far removed from his beloved mountains, he carries with him the recollection of them whithersoever he goes; he sighs for his flocks, his torrents, and his clouds. He longs to eat again his barley bread, to drink goat's milk, and to sing in the valley the ballads which were sung by his forefathers. He pines if he is prevented from returning to his native clime. It is a mountain plant which must be rooted among rocks; it cannot thrive unless it be assailed by the winds and the rain; in the soil, the shelter, and the sun-shine of the plain, it quickly droops and dies.

'With what joy will he again fly to his roof of furze! with what delight will he visit all the sacred relics of his indigence! And who can be more happy than the Esquimaux, in his frightful country? What to him are all the flowers of our climates compared to the snows of Labrador, and all our palaces to his smoky cabin? He embarks in spring with his wife on a fragment of floating ice. Hurried along by the currents, he advances into the open sea on this frozen mass. The mountain waves over the deep its trees of snow, and the whales accompany it on the dark bosom of Ocean. The hardy savage, covered with the spray of the billows, amid tempestuous whirlwinds and driving snows, presses to his heart the wife whom God has given him, and finds with her unknown joys in this mixture of perils and of pleasures.'

'It is when we are at a distance from our country that we feel the full force of the instinct by which we are attached to it. For want of the reality, we seek to feed ourselves with dreams; for the heart is expert in deception, and there is not one who has sucked the breast of woman, but has drunk of the cup of illu-

sions. Sometimes it is a cottage which is situated like the paternal habitation; sometimes it is a wood, a valley, a hill, on which we bestow some of the sweet appellations of our native land. Andromache gives the name of Simois to a brook. And what an affecting object is this little rill, which recalls the idea of a mighty river of her native country! Remote from the soil which gave us birth all nature is diminished, and is but the shadow of that which we have lost.

'Another artifice of the love of country, is to attach a great value to an object of little intrinsic worth, but which comes from our native land, and which we have brought with us into exile. The soul seems to cherish even the inanimate things which have shared our destiny: a portion of life remains attached to the down on which our prosperity slumbered, and still more to the straw which counted the vigils of our adversity: the wounds of the soul, like those of the body, leave their impression upon whatever they touch. The vulgar have an energetic expression to describe that languor which oppresses the soul, when away from our country. "That man," say they, "is home-sick." A sickness it really is, and there is no cure for it but returning. If, however, we have been absent a few years, what do we find in the place of our nativity? How few of those whom we left behind in the vigor of health are still alive? Here are tombs where once stood palaces; there rise palaces where we left tombs; the paternal field is overgrown with briars, or cultivated by the plough of a stranger; and the tree beneath which we frolicked in our boyish days is cut down.'

'It is said that a Frenchman, who was obliged to withdraw during the reign of terror, purchased with the little he had left, a boat upon the Rhine. Here he lived with his wife and two children. Having no money there was no hospitality for him. When he was driven from one shore he passed without complaining to the other: and frequently driven from both banks, he was obliged to cast anchor in the middle of the river. He fished for the support of his family; but men disputed with him the relief sent by Providence, and grudged him a few little fishes which had fed his hungry children. At night he went to collect dry grass to make a fire, and his wife remained in cruel anxiety till he returned. This family, which could be reproached with nothing but their misfortunes, had not on the vast globe a single spot of ground on which they durst set their feet. Obligated to lead the life of outcasts, among four great civilized nations, their only consolation was, that while they wandered in the vicinity of France, they could sometimes inhale the breeze which had passed over their native land.

If it were to be asked: What are then those powerful ties by which we are bound to the place of our nativity; those ties, which are such a strong proof of the goodness of God, and con-

sequently of his existence? we confess we should be at a loss for a reply. It is, perhaps, the smile of a mother, of a father, of a sister; it is, perhaps, the recollection of the old preceptor who instructed us, and of the young companions of our childhood; it is, perhaps, the care bestowed upon us by a tender nurse, by an aged servant; finally, it is by circumstances the most simple, or, if you please, the most trivial; a dog that barked at night in the fields; a nightingale that returned every year to the orchard; the nest of the swallow over the window; the village clock that appeared above the trees, the church-yard yew, or the Gothic tomb. Yet the insignificance of these means demonstrates so much the more clearly the reality of a Providence, as they could not possibly be the source of great patriotic virtues, unless by the appointment of the Almighty himself.

We have now, we trust, not been wanting in strict distributive justice to M. Chateaubriand, as we have pointed out both his beauties and his defects. The former, are, sometimes, brilliant and striking; but the latter are more numerous and more repulsive than his friends could wish. As we have not the French work before us we cannot specify which of these defects belong to the original, and which are the effect of negligence or of haste in the translation. M. Chateaubriand is, as we have before confessed, a man of genius; but, like other men of genius, he sometimes deviates far and wide from the luminous point of common sense into the bewildering paths of absurdity and extravagance. His imagination operates on his understanding like a *will-with-a-wisp* on a traveller by night. As an author he would be more extensively useful, and merit a much higher degree of praise if he possessed only a moderate share of judgment to restrain the wild luxuriance of ideas by which he is distinguished. But the judgment of M. Chateaubriand has no more power over his fancy than Phaeton had over the horses of the sun.

M. Chateaubriand's partiality for the mysterious has not tended much to enlighten his mind in a theological point of view. It has indeed often led him to talk sheer nonsense; for what else can any man, even of M. Chateaubriand's intellectual powers, talk, when he will attempt to explain what he not only does not understand, but what is placed beyond the reach of the Human Understanding?—But with all his blemishes, which are neither few in number nor small in size, the pages of M. Chateaubriand, particularly in his *Martyrs* and his *Travels*, are richly sprinkled with flowers of seductive sweets and of various hues;

and, even in the same paragraph, in which we find cause of decided reprehension, we are sometimes struck with such rays of excellence, either in the sentiment or the imagery, as excite our admiration.

ART. III.—*An Historical and Topographical Account of Fulham; including the Hamlet of Hammersmith.* By T. Faulkner, Author of "*The Historical Description of Chelsea.*" London: Egerton, 1813. 8vo. £1. 1s.

THE following are the contents of this work.

* Chap. I.—Etymology, Situation, Boundaries and Extent, River Thames, Fishery, Bridge, Roads and Ways, Population, Poor's Rate, Land Tax, Agriculture and Soil, Botanic Gardens and Nurseries, Commons, Manufactories, West Middlesex Water Works, Grand Junction Canal. Rectory and Vicarage, Parish Church, Tombs, and Monumental Inscriptions, Chapel of St. Paul at Hammersmith. Extracts from the Churchwardens' and Overseers' Books, Parish Register, Benefactions, Charity Schools. Historical Account of the Manor of Fulham. Fulham Palace and Gardens. Biographical Notices of the Bishops of London. Historical Events, Fulham, Ancient Houses. Parson's Green, Peterborough House, Ancient Houses and Families, Purser's Cross. Walham Green, North End, No Man's Land; Ancient Houses and Inhabitants. Hammersmith, General Description, Ancient Houses and Inhabitants. Manor of Pallenswick, Pallenswick Green, Shepherd's Bush, Brook Green. Brandenburg House, Craven Cottage. Crab Tree, Earl of Cholmondeley's Villa, Grove House, Sandy End, Sandford Manor. Bishops of London from the Foundation of the See. Funeral Certificate of J. Tamworth Esq. of Parson's Green. Funeral Certificate of Bishop Aylmer. Report of the Parliamentary Commissioners for dividing the Parish. Bishop Bonner's Ghost, a Poem. Two Assessments in 1625, extracted from the Parish Books. Prayer used by Bishop Laud at the Consecration of Hammersmith Chapel. Index of Names and Titles. General Index.

We shall select a little of the miscellaneous information which is contained under some of the above heads, though it will not be found very curious or recondite. Most of the materials out of which this volume is made, are derived from sources of very common occurrence, particularly the historical part of the narrative, and the biographical notices, a large portion of which has been supplied from newspapers, magazines, tomb-stones, or books of easy access and ordinary perusal. We do not blame Mr. Faulk-

ner for this; for as he had undertaken to write a book of pretty portly dimensions respecting the parish of Fulham, we do not know how he could possibly have accomplished the work if he had not been contented with detailing a good deal of stale and rather insipid information. But perhaps many of the good people of Fulham may never before have seen the multiplicity of biographical particulars, &c. which Mr. Faulkner has brought together for their edification; and, therefore, as persons, who reside at a considerable distance from the sea-side, eat fish which have been long caught with as much *gout* as if they were just out of the water, the reading part of the *Fulhamites*, of whom we have spoken, may peruse the old news of Mr. Faulkner with as much avidity of curiosity as if it were fresh out of the mint.—Parochial history will seldom afford much matter to interest the general reader, though the most insignificant particulars may appear matters of high moment to those who reside within the precincts of the parish which is described. But parishes in the vicinity of the metropolis, from their large population, their wealthy inhabitants, their frequent changes of proprietors, the works of art, manufactories and public establishments of different kinds, which they contain, are more likely to afford an abundance and a diversity of interesting topics than villages in more remote parts of the kingdom. The parish of Fulham appears, at first view, likely to supply a considerable variety of particulars worthy of communication from its vicinity to the capital, and from its being the seat of the Bishops of London; a scrutiny into whose lives would seem not ill calculated to repay the labours of biographical research, and to afford room for pleasing narrative and useful remark. To a cultivated mind local interest is in a great degree the result of historical association, or of an acquaintance with the important events which have occurred in particular places, or with the distinguished persons whose familiar haunts they have been. These are amongst the seductive but invisible charms of local situation; these powerfully attach us to particular buildings or scenes, to particular fields or woods or streams; and where these charms abound, the place or prospect may be said to possess great capabilities for exciting the mind or heart, or for awakening thoughts or feelings which cause the objects, by which they are produced, to be doubly interesting to the beholder.

We shall not stop on the threshold of our author's work to cavil with him or with Camden and Norden about the

etymology of Fulham. This is a matter of little moment; and, of the conjectures which have hitherto been produced on the subject, one does not seem much less probable than the other.

We, poor devils of reviewers, who cannot afford to purchase turbot, must often be content, when we are in a fish-eating mood, to buy flounders, and are therefore not over-well-pleased to learn from this work, that a cause has occurred which must diminish our chance of obtaining that cheap substitute for the nobler tenant of the ocean-stream, which solicits the lips of bishops and aldermen.

'Flounders are taken here all the year, and used to be caught in great abundance, but since the completion of the new docks below London Bridge, they have almost disappeared, owing to the spawn being carried by the tide into the docks, where it is destroyed, from the water being impregnated by the copper-bottomed vessels.'

'Salmon fishing begins on the 1st of January, and ends on the 4th of September. The salmon caught here are highly esteemed, and sell from five to twelve shillings per pound. Only one was caught here during the last season; they have abandoned the Thames since the opening of the docks, and now frequent the Medway, where they are considered merely as salt water fish.'

The bridge over the Thames at Fulham was begun and finished in the year 1729. 'Mr. Philips, carpenter to King George II., executed the work at the expence of £23,075.' It is said, that

'His Majesty, for the passage of himself and his household, pays annually £100. The greatest sum of money taken at this bridge in one day, was on the 10th June, 1811, when his Royal Highness the Prince Regent reviewed the regulars and volunteers, in number 28,000 men, on Wimbledon Common.'

Nothing marks the improved state of a country and the progress of civilization more than the goodness of the roads and the consequently increased facility of communication between one place and another. If we adopt this criterion and apply it to a particular case, how great must we deem the change between the present civilization of Fulham and that about fifty years ago, from the following circumstance, that in this parish, owing to the badness of the roads, which were nearly impassable,

'it required two teams of horses to draw one cart; and it was usual for the gardeners to assist each other on the road to or from London. It appears from the parish books, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, that the highway-rate amount-

ed to nearly the same sum as the poor's-rate, a proof of their then wretched condition.'

If the poor's-rate be regarded as an exact measure of the degree of pauperism in this country, it will afford, in this respect, no very agreeable contrast between the present state of the kingdom and the past. General conclusions must not, indeed, be drawn from particular examples; but in many cases particular examples, as they bring the fact more distinctly before the mind, are better calculated to impress conviction than a multiplicity of instances.

'In the year 1627 the poor's-rates for the Fulham side,' (that is not comprehending the hamlet of Hammersmith) including legacies and donations, amounted only to the sum of £30. 11s. 8d., and the disbursements for the same year amounted to £29. 17s. 8d., as appears from the account taken from the parish books.'

But in the year 1811 the poor's-rates 'on the Fulham side,' amounted to £2059. 16s. 0d.

Fulham, says the author, may 'justly be denominated the great fruit and kitchen garden, north of the Thames for the supply of the London market,' as the greater part of the land is employed in the production of fruit and vegetables.

'The orchards or fruit grounds were first stocked with apples, pears, cherries, plums, walnuts, &c. which are called the upper crop; and secondly, with raspberries, gooseberries, currants, and all such fruits, shrubs, and herbs as will sustain the wet with the least injury; this is called the under crop. This mode, however, which has prevailed a long time, is on the decline.; and in new plantations the gardeners prefer placing their fruit-trees in rows, leaving an open space for what was usually before denominated the under crop, by which means the cultivation is more open to the sun and air, and can be varied by the occasional introduction of vegetables.' 'About twenty-five acres in the parish are sown with radishes, which is the first crop of consequence; with these are sown carrots, onions, or parsley, &c. which is called the under crop; or the land is planted with potatoes, peas or beans, the latter not so frequently as the former. In February the first land, as cleared from the winter, is planted successively with cabbages and lettuces, to be succeeded with Prussian peas or spinach, or it is sown with peas, onions, &c. When the ground is stocked with cabbages, one row in seven is often cleared in May and June, and then planted with cucumbers, which spread themselves under the cabbages and succeed them. These have been known to have been succeeded, in favourable years, by two crops of coleworts, or green cabbages which are calculated before the

ensuing February; thus making four complete crops within the year.*

A great many pages of this work are occupied with an account of the tombs, and copies of the inscriptions in the church and church-yard of Fulham, and in the chapel of St. Paul at Hammersmith. Few of these inscriptions would interest the general reader.

From the extracts from the churchwardens' and overseers' books, &c. we will select one or two particulars.

'1598, Paid for the discharge of the parish for wearing of hats contrary to the statute * 5s. 2d.' '1662, Paid 1 C of paving tiles to pave the church, and for carriage 7s. 1d.' 'Paid for five daies work to set up seates in the church and for nayles' 7s. 1d.' '1623, Paid to a bricklayer and his labourer for one dayes work 1s. 2d.' 'Payed to the ringers upon the king's rout through to Hamptom Court 1s. 6d.' 'Paid for a prayer-book for the 5th of November 6d.'

Under the year 1639 we have an account of payments made by the overseers during the plague. Some of these payments are for 'warding' or guarding the houses of the persons who had caught the infection, and were shut up, that they might have no communication whatever with their neighbours. The watchmen were relieved every twelve hours; and it was only through them that the persons *warded* could obtain provisions and other necessities.

'1639, Paid Osborne for two daies warding at Lady Grivill's 2s. 4d.' Paid Young for watching three weeks and five daies £1. 8s.' 'Paid Kelly for watching two nights 2s.' '1640, Paid to James Francis Smyth, for a bar of iron, wht. 9½lb. at 3d. per pound, to close upp Powell's house-doore 2s. 4½d. Item, for Brade and his man's labour to set on the barr 6d. Item, to Goodman Burre for one week's wardinge 5s. Item, for one bushel of coles for the visit house 1s. 3d. Item, for the reliefe of Elizabeth Ivanes being shut upp in a visited house at Wandon's Greene from the 15th of April 1641 to the 24th of May, 16s. Item, for a trusse of straw for her to lie on, 3d.'

Some of these and other particulars, mentioned in that part of the work from which we have quoted the above, are curious, as furnishing data for the comparison of the prices of labour, &c. in those times and the present.

* By an Act of Parliament passed 13 Eliz. every person above the age of seven years, and under a certain rank was obliged to wear on Sundays and holidays a woollen cap, made in England or finished by some of the trade of cappers, under the penalty of paying 3s. 4d. for every day's omission. This act was repealed 39 Eliz.

We will make a few extracts from the biographical notices of the Bishops of London, though we have not met with any which are likely to recommend themselves by the interest of novelty. But what some of our readers will deem stale and vapid, others may find lively and piquant from not having read before, or from not recollecting what they had read. Of Bishop Aylmer we learn that his enemies accused him of violating the sabbath, and that they grounded their charge

‘on his playing bowls on Sunday; with regard to which Strype says, this was a recreation he delighted in and used for the diversion of his cares and the preservation of his health at Fulham; that he alleged, that he never withdrew himself from the service, or the sermon, on the Lord’s day; that Christ, the best expositor of the Sabbath, said, that the sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath; that man might have his meat dressed for his health on the Sabbath, and why might he not have some convenient exercise of his body for the health thereof on that day. Indeed it was the general custom in those days, both in Geneva and in all other places where Protestants inhabited, after the service of the Lord’s days was over, to refresh themselves with bowling, walking abroad, and other innocent recreations; and the bishop followed that which in his travels abroad, he had seen ordinarily practised among them.’

The practice of Bishop Aylmer in having recourse to some innocent recreation for the diversion of his cares or the preservation of his health after the service of the Lord’s day was over, ought to be recommended in the present period where there seems an increasing propensity to revive the Puritanical observance of the Sabbath, to the total exclusion of that harmless gaiety and that social mirth which are in the highest degree conducive to the health both of the body and the mind.

Under the account of Dr. Richard Fletcher we find the following trait of Queen Elizabeth’s leaning to the tenet of the Romish church with respect to the celibacy of the clergy. Bishop Fletcher had married

‘the widow of Sir John Baker of Sisinghurst in Kent, and sister of Sir George Gifford, which brought him into disgrace with the queen, *who disapproved of all marriage in the clergy*, especially in a bishop, who was a widower and no very young man. He was banished from court, and suspended from the exercise of his ecclesiastical functions; the latter, however, was withdrawn after six months by the intercession of friends, but he was not permitted to appear at court for a twelvemonth, where for twenty years past, he had been a constant attendant. It is doubted if he ever perfectly recovered the queen’s favour;

and the anxiety arising from this disgrace is thought to have shortened his life, for he died suddenly on the 15th of June, 1596, while sitting in his chair, and smoking tobacco, which was not usually taken in those days, unless by way of physic, or to divert melancholy.

Bishop Compton, who had a taste for botanical pursuits, enriched the garden of the episcopal mansion at Fulham with a variety of exotic trees and shrubs. This bishop used to say that 'the church was for the living, and the church-yard for the dead.' The practice of burying in churches is a sort of profanation, and ought to be totally discontinued. It has a tendency injurious to health; and the idea itself is not agreeable to the minds of those who reflect that the lower part of the building, where they are assembled, is filled with putrid carcases. Who would eat his meals with so much satisfaction if he knew that a number of dead bodies were dissolving into worms, or mouldering into dust under his parlour floor? But, if we would wish to encourage the feeling of devotion in the sanctuary, why should we couple it with one of disgust? If we study the feeling of neatness and comfort in a dining room, why should we neglect it in a church? According to our notions, no pains should be spared to render the house of God delightful both to the senses and to the mind, that the devotion of the worshipper may be aided by external excitements, and that the feeling of gratitude and of reverence may be accompanied by pleasurable associations. Let not religious adoration be a dull, cold service, producing torpor, or exciting repugnance. Let it not be a gloomy and depressing, but a cheerful and a cheering service, such as is best suited to the Christian character of the benevolent father of the universe.

On the mention of a house in the occupation of Mrs. Batsford, Mr. Faulkner tells us that

'It was built by the late Mr. Skelton, a person formerly of some consequence in this parish, who owed his rise to the following singular circumstance. Being in the service of Bishop Compton as foot-boy, he was the means of detecting a cook who had mixed poison in some broth for the bishop's table, in order to obtain the sooner a legacy which he had learned the bishop had bequeathed to him. The fact being discovered, the cook was discharged, and young Skelton was placed with an attorney as a reward for his fidelity; and by diligence and good fortune, subsequently arrived at considerable property in this parish.'

One of the most celebrated amongst the former residents at Fulham, is Charles, Earl of Peterborough, of

travelling notoriety, who had seen more kings and post-boys than any other man in Europe, but who also displayed the qualities of a great commander in the war of succession in Spain. His house in this parish was the resort of the principal literati of the time, and Pope, Swift, and Locke, partook of the hospitality of his table. His second wife was Anastasia Robinson, the daughter of a painter, and one of the singers at the Opera. She had long resisted all the overtures of the earl for a less honourable connection before he made her his wife, and he had married her some time before he thought proper to make his marriage known. His way of making that event known at last was the following :

‘ He went one evening to the rooms at Bath, where a servant was ordered distinctly and audibly to announce “ Lady Peterborough’s carriage waits.” Every lady of rank and fashion immediately rose, and congratulated the declared countess.’

There are some particulars worth notice in the following :

South Field Farm, near Parson’s Green, has been in the possession of the family of Rench upwards of two centuries ; and during the whole of that time has been occupied as a nursery and garden-ground. The father of the late Mr. Rench produced in this garden the first pine strawberry and Chinese strawberry, and also the first auricula ever blown in this country. He also instituted the first annual exhibition of flowers, and died at the age of ninety-nine years, having had thirty-three children. The late Mr. Rench reared here the largest arbutus trees ever grown in England, several of which were fifty feet high, and was a successful cultivator of variegated hollies, and gave premiums for the discovery of new varieties. He was the first who introduced the moss rose-tree into this country, the original plant of which is supposed to have been brought from Holland. This circumstance appears to have been hitherto unknown to any of our botanical writers. Gerard in his “ *Herbal*,” makes no mention of the moss-rose, hence may be inferred its introduction was of a later date than his work ; Linnæus considers it as a variety only of *centifolia* ; Miller is of opinion that the moss-rose, or moss-province, as it is often called, is a perfectly distinct species ; which seems to be confirmed from the moss-rose being found in its complete single state in the nursery of Messrs. Lee and Kennedy. Mr. Rench planted the elm-trees now growing in the Bird-cage Walk, St. James’s Park ; the plants of which were reared in this nursery. He married two wives, and had twenty-three children by the first, and twelve by the second ; and was able to walk sixteen miles in one day, after having attained the age

of one hundred years. He died in the year 1783, in the same room of the same house in which he was born, and was buried in Fulham church-yard.

It is not often that we hear of similar instances of longevity with the preceding, where the father has lived to the age of ninety-nine years, and the son to that of one hundred and one, and where the one had thirty-three children, and the other thirty-five. Are we hence to infer the healthiness of horticulture?

The following is another example of family longevity. Sir Philip Meadows, who had been sent by Oliver Cromwell as an envoy to Denmark in 1657, and who

'Published a narrative of the principal actions in the wars between Sweden and Denmark in 1677,' died in 1718, at the age of ninety-four, and was buried at Hammersmith; his son also reached the age of eighty-seven, and his grandson ninety-three.'

The fatalities, which attended the fiction of the Hammersmith ghost, in January, 1804, will, we trust, deter any other person from attempting a similar frolic, or from sporting with the fears of his neighbours. A poor woman, far advanced in her pregnancy, passing near the church-yard about ten o'clock at night, saw something which appeared to rise from the tomb-stones.

'She attempted to run, but the supposed ghost soon overtook her; and pressing her in his arms she fainted; in which situation she remained some hours, till discovered by the neighbours, who kindly led her home, when she took to her bed, from which, alas! she never rose.'

Our readers will remember that a person at Hammersmith of the name of Francis Smith, who had conceived a great antipathy against this mischievous apparition, determined to try whether it could stand powder and shot, and placed himself in ambush for that purpose, when a poor bricklayer in a white dress accidentally passing by at the time, he shot him instead of the supposed ghost. Smith was tried at the Old Bailey, found guilty, and received sentence of death, 'but was afterwards pardoned on condition of being imprisoned one year.'

This historical and topographical account of Fulham, will probably be very gratifying to those who reside in that parish and neighbourhood; and to them we recommend it when they feel the heavy weight of their own listlessness, and are in want of entertainment.

ART. IV.—*Observations in Illustration of Virgil's celebrated fourth Eclogue.* London: Murray, 1810, 8vo. pp. 450. 15s.

BY some accident, not necessary to be accounted for here, this volume, though nearly three years from the press, did not, until very lately, fall into our hands.

There are few, if any of the literary world, who have not heard or read that the fourth Eclogue of Virgil, has at intervals for more than fifteen centuries puzzled the brains of the learned of different ages, not by difficulties occurring in the exposition of the language, but by doubts concerning the true import, and purpose of such a composition. Many have been the explanations attempted, and we so far agree with the author of the present essay, that there is something unsatisfactory in every one of them. The question seems indeed rather to have been dropped than decided, until our present author roused it again, and passed a definitive sentence upon it. It remains to be seen whether such a sentence will be convincing to the literary public. Dr. Henley is the last writer on the subject that we recollect to have seen, about five-and twenty years since. Whatever way our own faith may incline, it would be an act of presumption, if, in a very few pages, all that we can afford to devote to the subject, we should affect to pronounce a decree of summary rejection on the theories of either old or modern critics, who have exhausted their ingenuity and much time on an occasion, for which we candidly own, that, as so much has been already said, we have not much time to spare; and we are fully aware that invention and conjecture, notwithstanding the elastic materials, which constitute those faculties, have in the volume before us reached their *ne plus ultra*: after reading this essay of our author's, it will, we should imagine, be allowed on all hands, that the Virgilian prophecies, if Virgil ever was a prophet, or even a vice-prophet to the Cumæan Sibyl, have been applied to every one who possessed even a plausible pretext for the application. It will be sufficient for us, if we simply state the opinions previous to that promulgated by the writer, whom we now examine, if we shew by what line of reasoning he supports the theory that he wishes to establish, and as demonstration is so wholly out of the question, venture to add, to what side, in our judgment, probability inclines.

It has been generally allowed that the Eclogue in question is prophetic, it foretels that in the consulate of

Pollio, a male child shall be born, who shall not only be the wonder of the age, in which he shall be produced, but shall restore to the world all those blessings of peace, innocence, and plenty, which the heathen poets have often figured in their imaginary golden age, as introductory to this prophecy. Virgil uses the remarkable, but very plainly significant words,

‘Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas.—l. 4.

by which we can surely understand nothing else, but that this birth shall complete the prophecies of the Cumæan Sibyl.* Now as this poem was composed within half a century of the birth of the Messiah, it will not appear wonderful, that a description, which, making due allowances for poetical exaggeration, corresponds so closely with the benefits which might be supposed to result to mankind from revelation, with a view to its visible effect on society, should have been applied in after times to the birth of our Saviour. Lactantius, in the early part of the fourth century, in his zeal for Christianity, which he must have thought would be strengthened by this argument, was the first, as far as we know, who embraced this opinion. He was followed, a very few years after, by Constantine the Great, and as Lactantius declared the fourth Eclogue of Virgil to be the *prophecy of the Sibyl*, on the birth of Jesus Christ, Constantine was of the same opinion, or perhaps even went farther, and considered Virgil as himself an inspired writer. Of all the opinions urged respecting this singular composition, those just mentioned appear to have been most generally received in later days; they are certainly the opinions on which a very large proportion of the learned heads, who have turned to this question, have exercised their acumen. As far indeed as these decisions regard the identity of our Saviour, with the description of the male child whose birth is predicted in the Eclogue, there would be little difficulty, did no other obstacle intervene, of giving an unqualified assent: but Constantine troubled himself but

* When we use the expression that this Eclogue is at all events *prophetical*, we do not by any means wish to be considered as prejudging a point, which is one of the most material of those in dispute. We use the word *prophetical*, in the widest possible sense, which, independent of the general acceptance of the word prophecy, comprehends the two species of *poetical prophecy* so common in heathen writers. The one, where they prophecy what has already happened, and thus are guilty of a forgery in antedating their own writings. The other where they evidently prophecy at random, making it merely a poetical figure, and rather expressing a wish, than a belief in the completion of what they say.

little with the great obstacle, viz. how can we allow the Sibylline oracles to be inspired writings, or even if they were so, how are we to understand Virgil to be so initiated as to comprehend their latent prophecy? These difficulties have of course not been so easily overlooked by those later Christian writers, who having adopted the general idea that our Saviour is the person pointed out in the Eclogue, have found it very necessary to notice these particular objections to the doctrine they have embraced. Professor Heyne is very flippant and self-sufficient on the occasion, nor is his opinion on the subject worth referring to, but when discussing the merits of the opinions, of which we have been speaking, he refers us to Chandler's *Vindication of the Defence of Christianity*, lib. II. ch. 2, sect. 2, and v. II. postscript, p. 44—to Whiston's *Supplement to the literal Accomplishment of Scriptural Prophecy*, p. 94—and to Cudworth's *System. Intellect. c. iv. 16*, as passages containing the modes by which their respective authors accounted for the possibility of Virgil's uttering a prophecy respecting the Messiah. The professor, who only rejects the idea of any reference whatever to such an event being traceable in the Eclogue, nevertheless supplies us with an argument in favour of Virgil's pretensions to true prophecy, amounting nearly to this. We find in Josephus that Herod had been received in hospitality by Pollio—Virgil might have been present at these meetings, and thus become acquainted with Jewish prophecy. There is very little in this, for it is more than probable that without such an acquaintance, Virgil must have seen the Jewish prophetic writings. The difficulty remains, why he should make use of materials drawn from such a source. Notwithstanding all these objections, the opinion of Constantine, who, had no less a patron than Bishop Lowth, who caught with the very extraordinary similarity which there undoubtedly does exist between the circumstances of the birth of the Messiah, and the predictions of Virgil, in guarded language, apparently displays his belief in that prophecy, for the existence of which he confesses himself wholly unable to account. A writer of so different a cast and character as Mr. Gibbon, gives the same application to the Eclogue in question: will the religious and the learned agree in the sentiment?

‘Fas est et ab hoste doceri.’*

* The productions now entitled ‘*Sibyllina Oracula*’ are generally allowed to be spurious; could they be supposed genuine, the whole difficulty respecting Virgil's predictions of our Saviour would vanish, for undoubtedly the

The other opinion which has heretofore divided the learned world, and which extends into many ramifications, was promulged by Servius, the commentator on Virgil, who flourished in the fifth century. Whether this writer was, as well as the emperor Theodosius the younger, under whom he lived, a Christian, we do not recollect to have read, at all events he never considered this eclogue as having any reference to our religion. Our author gives the opinion of Servius; we will quote it from him.

'Servius supposed that Virgil introduced into this Eclogue a *fictitious prophecy* in which he undertook to determine the sex and fortune of SOME ROMAN INFANT, whose birth was in expectation at the time that he wrote the poem. To ascertain the person of that infant, Servius set himself to search into the time immediately following the date which he assigned to the poem, namely, some part of the year of Pollios' consulate. Influenced by the apostrophe to Pollio, contained in the prophecy, he produced the names of two sons of Pollio, Asinius Gallus, and Saloninus, as rival pretenders to the honours of the poem, with a positive decision, however, in favour of the pretensions of the latter. At the same time he plainly betrayed the embarrassment under which his judgment laboured in making that decision, from a conviction, that all the great features of the prophecy were properly ascribable to OCTAVIUS himself. From hence Servius was led to devise the whimsical conjecture, that the praises of Octavius were in some way or other, which he was unable to detect, interwoven with those of the infant Saloninus throughout the poem. Thus on verse 6 he observes, "*permixcet laudes tam pueri Pollionis, quam Augusti,*" &c.'

To this interpretation, and to others which applied the prophecy to children about to be born at the same period, although it is an interpretation not to be treated slightly, from the great authorities by which it has been patronized, the general objection does in truth seem a very satisfactory one, and sufficient to destroy the whole theory,

Sibyllina Oracula, which we now have on our shelves, do predict the coming of the Messiah, as clearly as the Jewish prophetic writings, and have therefore been very fairly supposed to be a forgery in the early ages of Christianity, which is strengthened by the internal evidence that they were drawn from Isaiah. It appears therefore to have been a pious fraud to convert Gentiles. But might not this very Eclogue be adduced as an argument in support of the authenticity of this book? The prophecies of Isaiah and the building of Rome, are nearly co-temporaneous events; now the Sibyl, who offered her book for sale, did so in the reign of Tarquin, more than 200 years afterwards—Qu. Is it not then possible that the real Sibylline writings were drawn from Isaiah? and that the book, we now have, is a fragment of the genuine Sibyllina Oracula?

viz. that all these children were infinitely too unimportant to be the subjects of a poem evidently prophetic, evidently written with all the force and all the care that a mind like that of Virgil's could command. The minor objections to the accomplishment of the predictions in the persons of various Roman infants, who have been named, although none of them are without their force, are too numerous to find a place here. We will only add a strong interrogative of our author's. M. de Nauze (1762) having shewn from Dio, that Scribonia, whom Octavius espoused at the beginning of Pollio's consulate, was shortly after pregnant, conjectured that Virgil upon that doubtful occasion, had ventured to deliver a specific prophecy. Here our author steps in, and enquires whether it was probable

that while the womb of Scribonia teemed with its uncertain fruit, that great poet had dared at once assume it for *a boy*, and at the risk of all his grave reputation to predict of that equivocal offspring, the splendid and *masculine* career described in the Eclogue. Unfortunately Scribonia was delivered of a daughter, whose sex and depravity belied in every particular the magnificent predictions of the poem.'

After this recapitulation of the two great lines of opinion which have divided the literary world, though each line has contained many shades of difference in its supporters, and a statement of the chief obstacle to the reception of either of those expositions, those of our readers, who have not seen the work before us, are doubtless anxious to behold the new light which is to burst upon them. In few words then, our author considers this fourth Eclogue of Virgil, as a GENETHLIACON, OR A BIRTH-DAY POEM, COMPOSED IN HONOUR OF OCTAVIUS. And before he enters on the arguments, by which he proposes to support this novel hypothesis, he warns us that his evidence will chiefly be internal. He has already disposed of the two leading opinions which preceded his own discovery, by a very modest but manly display of the objections to them, and indeed, as we observed in the beginning of this article, there is so much obstacle to the reception of any solution proposed as yet, that we are still in the wide ocean. Our readers shall now see whether the present author brings them nearer to the shore. This hypothesis is supported by a line of reasoning drawn on through six chapters, the arguments chiefly resting on the internal evidence of the poem, with illustrations from other parts of Virgil, and other Latin poets. Our readers will

anticipate that a pretty strong literary paradox must be the foundation stone, and this is the case. Our author begins by condemning the *two assumptions*, which have grown out of the opinions of Servius. First, the *assumption* 'that Virgil speaks in this Eclogue of a child who, should be born in the consulate of Pollio.' Secondly, 'that he undertakes to foretel the future fortune of the child, *who should then be born.*' We cannot but allow from the general character of the poets of the Augustan age, and more especially from that of Virgil as displayed in various parts of his writings, where he is never ashamed to stoop to the most fulsome flattery of the emperor, that Augustus is of all mankind the most likely to have been the subject of such overstrained eulogium, and that it is perfectly consonant with the hyperbolical style of praise in use among the Latin poets, that the career of the extraordinary person described in this eclogue, should be intended to represent the really splendid and useful, however immoral, life of the emperor. Now allowing all this to its fullest extent, any argument that could be founded upon it will be light as straw, unless we get rid of what our author terms the assumptions of Servius, unless we prove that those passages, which give rise to these assumptions, *neither are nor were intended to be prophetic.* The first point to be disproved is that this child was to be born in the consulate of Pollio. The lines are,

'Tu modo nascenti puero, (*quo ferrea primum*
Desinet, et toto surget gens aurea mundo)
Casta fave Lucina—tuus jam regnat Apollo,
Teque adeo decus hoc ævi, te consule, inibit
Pollio!'—Line 12.

a great point here turns on the word *quo*. The universal interpretation has been *quo nascente*; it originated in Servius, but our author by supplying *a, sub* or *cum quo*, that there is no prediction relative to any extraordinary circumstances attending *the birth of this child*, or any time specified, but that this golden age should arrive, and this *man's* career should be so glorious during the consulate of Pollio. The word *quo* may undoubtedly be thus interpreted, and fairly, but the invocation '*Casta fave Lucina,*' is much more difficult to be made subservient to the new hypothesis. '*Lucina is invoked,*' says our author, '*not because the moment of the birth was to be also the first moment of a new age, but in conformity to the order of things and of the subject; because a hero must first be safely born into the world, before he can perform the task*

assigned:’ this is all very true, but, according to our author, this hero is born at the time the poem is written, and his career, not his birth, is the object of prophecy. Why then call on Lucina? This is a point on which some ingenious criticism is employed, but which, we confess, is by no means controverted in a manner to satisfy us. The second general assumption is that Virgil did undertake to prophecy the sex as well as course of a child, yet to be born. Our author lays a great stress on the character of Virgil for prudence to disprove this point, observing that Virgil would by no means have subjected himself to the charge of intellectual weakness, by the very probable failure of rash predictions. We do not deny Virgil’s prudence, but neither is this evidence internal or is it satisfactory. Why does our author only refer to those whom he considers the followers of Servius, and neglect those who think the Sibylline writings were the foundation of Virgil’s poem, and that those writings did predict the birth of a boy? If so, and if Virgil, as is very natural, believed in those oracles, as his countrymen did, can it be any impeachment of his sense, that he ventured to versify them? It is clear therefore that we do not consider these two assumptions as controverted, the superstructure of argument in the ensuing chapter is elegant, ingenious, and entertaining, evidently the work of a scholar and a gentleman; but as we are not satisfied with the solidity of the base, we confess that this volume, which promises to set the question to rest, has not, as far as we are concerned, had that desired effect. We cannot get over the prophecy as relating to a child unborn at the time of writing the poem. To any one who has been in the habits of reading the Roman poets, there is something certainly very plausible in a remark of Professor Heyne’s in his fourteenth excursus on the 6th book of the *Æneid*: our author translates the passage.

‘Such (says he) is the nature of the human mind, that poets who are desirous of working upon our feelings, have found it an effectual means for alluring and fixing our attention, to make choice of events that have already come to pass, and to mould them up into the form of a prophecy.’

This is very true, and an hypothesis of *probabilities* might be raised upon it; but even in admitting these, we must recollect that these pseudo-prophecies seldom proceed from the mouth of the poet himself: a man who places his fable, and the action of his poem, in times prior to his own, may very fairly introduce any persons prophecying

these things, which have happened in his (the poet's) time, without even a shadow of anachronism.

It may now be expected that we should say to which side our own faith inclines, for *inclination* is the strongest term we can use. With respect to Servius and his followers, the perfect insignificance of all the persons, to whom they have applied the prophecy, is to us an insurmountable objection to the reception of any of their applications. With respect to our author's ingenious theory, we do not wish to influence our readers, wishing them to form their judgment from the work itself: we have already said that we cannot get rid of the invocation to Lucina, and although the words are but three in number, they are of vital importance to the point, whether the person alluded to was born or was to be born. One exposition only remains, and it is to that which our opinion inclines, viz. that Virgil did predict the birth of our Saviour, but that in this prediction he merely followed the Sibylline writings, from which he learned that a male child would be born about the time specified, whose career would be as extraordinary as that predicted in the poem. We by no means conceive it necessary to suppose either the Cumæan Sibyl, or Virgil to have been inspired writers, but merely that the former was a decided plagiarist from Isaiah. As to the books to which we referred in a note, there can, we fear, be little hesitation in pronouncing them spurious, their style carries in it a host of evidence against their due antiquity: although we should at the same time recollect that Constantine, who quotes the passage, from which he conceives Virgil to have drawn the Eclogue, and who acknowledges, that the book, from which he took them, was of suspected authority, tries to establish its authenticity by declaring that these very lines had been translated by Cicero. Certainly no such lines are now extant; on which Martyn observes, that it is hardly to be imagined, that Constantine would so openly have appealed to them, if they had not been extant in his time. We do not however see that the authenticity of the work quoted by Constantine is very material. We commit no offence against chronology, and but little, we imagine, against probability, in supposing that the real Sibylline writings may have been drawn from Isaiah, for do we not see that much of the earlier fabulous history of the world, is a confused and garbled copy of what we learn from the books of Moses? We wholly reject the idea, that Virgil himself drew from the Jewish prophet;

the assumption wears a crowd of improbabilities on the face of it; that Virgil should have read Isaiah is very probable, as we have before said, but that he should esteem him a writer, whose predictions were worthy of a Roman muse, we cannot believe. We have thus briefly stated our reasons why this latter solution of the Eclogue pleases us best; but even here we do not feel a sufficient confidence in the cause to be quite at ease.

Some apology may seem necessary to our author for not having proceeded farther with him in his line of reasoning, for not accompanying him beyond the outset; the fact is, we have found it impossible to combine our wish of giving a general view of the question, with a regular detail of his arguments, without carrying our article to an unreasonable length; and as our incredulity was roused at an early period, on a point which no subsequent chapters could or did remove. We had only our private amusement to consult in the succeeding part of the work. As to the internal evidence of the *individual poem* in question, that the complimentary effusion will apply to Augustus, and that the cap will fit him very well, considering the summary method of deification in use among the Romans is very clear, but it applies in a manner much closer to the sacred person whom it is also said to typify, in addition to which we must observe, that if the prediction of birth was removed, which we do not think it has been, the poem, from the sixteenth to the thirtieth line, relates so evidently to the rise from childhood to manhood, which from the date of the poem it would be difficult to apply to Augustus, that notwithstanding the specious explanations of our author, we are certainly more inclined to refer all to a quarter, where the application of it is less equivocal.

ART. V.—*The Re-establishment of an effective Balance of Power, stated to be the only solid Basis of a general and permanent Peace. By Thomas Moore Musgrave, Esq.* London: Hatchard, 1813. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

THE continental powers certainly have at present, and have long had, a strong common interest in opposing the overgrown power of France. Almost ever since the establishment of the French republic, France has threatened the independence of the different European states, and even the existence of their governments. If any co-

affliction of different powers, in order to oppose, or to vanquish a common foe, has ever been embodied with a common interest, that invigorating principle must certainly have pervaded the several coalitions against France, which were formed during the ministry of Mr. Pitt. Nor was this common interest unfelt or unseen by the potentates who entered into these coalitions. It was not a mysterious proposition or a shadowy phantom; but a solid and tangible reality. The power of France was not the mere apparition of a giant wielding the sword of death. It was the giant himself armed with every possible instrument of destruction, and animated by the will, or rather infuriated by the passion, to destroy. The coalesced powers saw this mighty Colossus of cruelty and injustice, trampling on one of the European states after another, and menacing the total subjugation of all; yet they never acted with that perfect unity of council or of strength which is seen among men who are bound together by the strongest ties of a common interest. They suffered the little contemptible jealousies of each other to prevail over their apprehensions of the common foe; and thus their distracted councils and their imbecile policy gave up the world to be ravaged by a monster of iniquity such as was never before seen.

Individuals sometimes grow wise by experience; but we much doubt whether this be ever the case with states. At least the conduct of the different European powers, in opposing the mighty strides of French domination in successive coalitions, is far from proving that misconduct ever made them politic, or misfortune wise. The same acts of folly have been repeated over and over again by the old dynasties, confederated against the ambition of France, notwithstanding the dreadful reverses and accumulated calamities of which they have uniformly been productive. A wise man may occasionally exhibit some of the indiscretions of the fool; but the fool, particularly if he be a fool of rank, and have a sceptre in his hand, hardly ever becomes wise. The unfortunate circumstances, by which he is encompassed, oppose an insuperable obstacle to the illumination of the mind. The profligates, who always surround the throne of every weak or vicious prince, never want arguments to persuade him that all his habits are virtuous, and that all his acts are wise.

If Erasmus were to be born again, in order to write another panegyric upon folly, he could not find more abundant topics for his pen in any events than in the con-

duct of the different sovereigns who have in various ways, either by force or by art, either in the cabinet or in the field, attempted to suppress the growing power of revolutionary France. But France has, notwithstanding, been continually aggrandized by the hostility which was intended for her destruction. This hostility was indeed always rather that of swaggering cowardice, or of impotent rage, than of that considerate kind, which does not engage in a contest, before it has measured its own strength, as well as that of its enemy; and is dependent for success less upon contingencies than upon a well combined plan of operation. Where there is wisdom and foresight in the cabinets of princes, and the commanders of armies, victory and defeat are not fortuitous events; but matters of as much moral certainty as there can be in the adaptation of any human means to a particular end. This has been admirably proved by the conduct of Lord Wellington in the Peninsula, which has been in the highest degree a tissue of deliberate wisdom, promptitude, and skill. He has neither been forward nor rash, neither tardy nor precipitate, neither wanting in impetuosity nor in caution. In short he has, in all his combinations, left as little to chance as any general ever did; and, of course, he has been favoured by fortune. For the true way to be favoured by fortune is to leave nothing to chance.

In the affairs of this world there is nothing so fortuitous which does not come under the relation of cause and effect. The wise man sees the agency of causation before it is developed in its effects; but the fool sees nothing till the full grown evil, which he might have crushed in the bud, stares him in the face. Before the battle of Jena the King of Prussia was as confident of victory as if he had seen the French driven across the Rhine. The signal overthrow which he experienced, is that which awaits infatuation, improvidence, temerity, and indolence, when they are opposed to sober reflection, deliberate foresight, and unintermitting activity. The most favourable moment which ever occurred for crippling the power of revolutionary France, was that when Suwarrow had driven the enemy out of Italy, when he was descending from the Alps with an invincible army into France, and when the whole French nation, weary of the iniquity and folly of the directory, would have hailed him as their deliverer from the worst of ills. But, at this juncture, the destiny of France to be soon after governed by the iron rod of Bonaparte, was accomplished by the petty jealousy of

Austria. Austria, jealous of the glory of the Russian chief, or of the power of her generous ally, withdrew her troops from the point where they were most needed and would have been of most avail; and left Suwarrow to contend with a force so superior, that he had no other alternative but to retire without accomplishing the great work which he had so auspiciously begun.

Mr. Musgrave thinks that, notwithstanding all the weakness or the jealousies which have paralysed the efforts, or prevented the success of former coalitions, a new confederacy might be formed against France on such principles as would ensure its success. Such a coalition should have for its object an 'unity of political design.' But, how is this to be produced? By an identity of interest. Yes certainly. But, how can you convince governments, who are always more prone to be influenced by petty, selfish considerations, than by comprehensive views, that they have a common interest in any common object which has no immediate connection with their little contemptible policy, or their individual vanity and ambition? We hold it to be so improbable as to be almost impossible to unite the present governments of Europe in any 'unity of political design,' which has the good of mankind for its object and its end. Every government, which is formed on the basis of individual gratification or aggrandizement, like most of the old governments in Europe, or the new government in France, has its own good in view; that is, the good of the particular individuals of which it is composed; but the good of the community forms no part of the consideration, except as far as it may conduce to the gratification or the aggrandizement of the sovereign or his ministers. When the sovereign and his ministers have the wisdom to see or the virtue to feel that the two goods, the good of the people and their own, are completely in unison, that state is for the time well governed; as the happiness of the people, the only legitimate end of government, becomes a primary consideration.

Mr. Musgrave allows, p. 8, that no continental war can be successfully conducted to a general issue, unless '*the co-operation is so complete as to be undisturbed by any jealous or selfish consideration.*' But how can we but despair of such a co-operation, when most of the governments themselves, which are thus expected to co-operate without jealousy or selfishness, have no other principle of action than that of selfishness; and when the most potent stimulus to their activity is that of individual jealousy? Mr.

Pitt in vain endeavoured to get rid of this selfishness and jealousy amongst the different powers of Europe in order to unite them in one great and consistent plan of action against France. Now have we any reason to expect that his successors in office will be able to effect what he himself could never accomplish? Mr. Musgrave, however, is somewhat more sanguine on this subject than we can profess ourselves to be.

We should think it as fortunate a circumstance, as Mr. Musgrave, if an effectual balance of power could be re-established. Nor do we see how this balance is to be restored, except by reducing the inordinate power of France. But as France is not likely voluntarily to consent to this reduction, it can be effected only by force. But force has been tried in vain. Mr. Musgrave, however, thinks that it should be tried once more; and that success will be the result.

'The only practicable mode,' says Mr. Musgrave, 'of repressing the inordinate ambition of France is, to restrain it by the very means which she herself employs for its indulgence. Force, absolute force, superior to the collective military power of France, either in numbers or in equipment, in skill or in valour, and enthusiastically animated by the justice of their cause, can alone be relied upon for the accomplishment of these salutary views. Upon this alone depends the practicability of opposing France with effect.'

Now if the only chance of restoring the balance of power, or in other words, of reducing the power and repressing the ambition of France depends, in the words of Mr. Musgrave, upon '*force, absolute force, superior to the collective military power of France, either in number or equipment, in skill or in valour, and enthusiastically animated by the justice of their cause,*' we fear that it is small indeed. For nothing can more strongly show the incapacity of the allies to procure a force superior to that of France in numbers only, to say at present nothing of equipment, skill, valour, and enthusiasm, than the present campaign in Germany from its commencement to the late armistice. In the campaign of the former year in Russia it seems no exaggeration to say that at least five-sixths of the then existing military power of the French emperor were annihilated by the frost; but, notwithstanding this destruction, which was more complete than any army ever before experienced, Bonaparte was enabled with only a few months preparation to collect an army almost twice as numerous as that of the allies, and certainly not inferior to them in equip-

ment, skill, valour, and enthusiasm. This specimen of the military resources of France may well diminish any hope which we might otherwise entertain that the allies would be able to furnish a force superior to that of the Emperor Napoleon in numbers, equipment, skill, valour, and enthusiasm. And if therefore, according to Mr. Musgrave, we can *alone rely* on this numerical and moral superiority of force as the mean of restoring the balance of power; or the independence of the different European states, it appears that we must rely on that which, according to past experience, it is impossible to accomplish; and the accomplishment of which is certainly not favoured by present appearances. (Written in the end of July, 1813.)

Mr. Musgrave does not compute the 'resources of the French empire,' 'at much more than one-third of the whole resources of the European states.' *Resources* here is too indefinite a term. Mr. Musgrave should have mentioned the particulars which he meant to include under it. If by *resources* he means the power of furnishing men for military purposes, we believe the power of France, according to her present extended limits and including the territories of her allies, to be equal, if not superior, to all the rest of the European states. And whatever may be the resources of France in this, or in other respects, we should consider that her system, which is essentially despotic, and, at present, of too recent existence to be restrained by custom, enables her to avail herself to the utmost of all the resources she possesses; and that instantaneously, and without the smallest hesitation or delay. The Emperor of Russia may be a despot, as well as Napoleon; but the despotism of the former is restrained by custom; which, even in the most despotic countries, is apt to acquire the force of law; and he is moreover, as we sincerely believe, swayed by moral considerations, at which Napoleon spurns as the lion at the fluttering breeze. Napoleon has no other law to restrain him than his own will; and he never fails to will whatever his ambition prompts. And, what his ambition prompts, his hand will attempt to execute, regardless of every tie, either human or divine. Experience has proved this; and who, that knows what human nature is, and how perpetually corrupting is the influence of power, will expect that Bonaparte will, in his future conduct, show more scrupulosity of principle, or more delicacy of conscience, than he has in his past? No peace, which we can make with him, is likely to be binding upon his mind from any sense of moral obligation; from

any sentiment of duty in adhering to treaties, or any feeling of humanity which might deter a sovereign of a different temperament from again letting slip the dogs of war, as the greatest scourge which can befall the human race.— But, though Bonaparte is not likely to shew much regard for the sanctity of any pacific bond, into which we might enter with him, still we see no chance of reducing his power, or setting any limits to his domination by the continuance of war. And we think, on the whole, that peace with all its contingent ills, is preferable to protracted warfare with all its certain woes.

It would give us great pleasure to see Mr. Musgrave, or any other gentleman, organize such a coalition amongst the powers of Europe as might reduce the power of Napoleon, or raise a hurricane in the physical and moral world which might sweep such a monster of iniquity from the face of the earth. But, as we have said above, we have no hope of any success in any project of this kind, without the intervention of a miracle: and, whatever age this may be, we fear that it is not the age of miracles.

As a specimen of Mr. Musgrave's pamphlet, and of his political sentiments, we will produce what he says about a congress of the European powers, and of the objects which it ought to keep in view and endeavour to accomplish.

'A congress of the different states of Europe, convened, not for peace, (except eventually), but for the solemn purpose of recovering and securing their national independence, would, in the present posture of European affairs, contribute, more perhaps than any other proceeding, to restore the lost equipoise of the continental powers. A declaratory act of such a convention would give renewed validity to the force of international law. It would be the first effectual step towards the restoration of the balance of power, without which there can be no peace with any chance of duration. Occasional truces might possibly precede the utter extinction of the liberties of the Continent; but the peace that would follow, would be stripped of all the blessings that endear it to mankind. It would be a state of repose founded on a base and universal submission to despotic sway—a torpid existence, in which the best energies of the soul would slumber in perfect uselessness.

'If a declaration to this effect were issued by a congress of potentates, assembled for the assertion, recovery, and defence of their sovereign rights, could it fail to produce the most beneficial result? If, at the same time, it abjured all views of conquest, all interference with the internal concerns of France, and even unequivocally expressed a desire to maintain relations of

amity with that power, whenever the principles of her government, and the equitable reduction of her political preponderance, should afford a reasonable guarantee for their security, would not its justice and moderation be universally admitted, and would not this general admission materially aid the accomplishment of the end itself for which the declaration was promulgated?

Next to the assertion of their own independent sovereign rights, the precise extent of the limitation within which the power of France should be restricted, should occupy the fullest attention of this august assembly.

Difficult it would certainly be to reduce to the same standard the securities against future encroachments, which each state might deem expedient for its own immediate safety. But in determining the scale of offensive operations, it would be a capital error to suppose, that it should be adapted to measure, by anticipation, the obscured grandeur and degradation of the French empire. Justice demands that her wealth, her dignity, her power, as a state of the first rank, should be duly regarded as the sanctified attributes of national independence.

But, to the support of this independence, it is not necessary that France should aggrandize her empire by the incorporation of Holland and the House Towns; that she should annex Switzerland and the greater part of Italy to her own possessions, and retain the remainder of the latter territory, ostensibly under the character of an ally, but really under the vassalage of feudal subjection. Nor is it requisite that Spain and Portugal should be reduced to the condition of imperial provinces, or that the north-eastern boundaries of France should be protected against the inroads of her military neighbours by the confederation of the Rhine. All these defences and precautions are not requisite for the consolidation of peace. Had her views been really pacific, all these alliances, incorporations, and unfinished conquests, would have formed no part of her policy: sufficiently great in herself, she would not have needed the aid either of such alliances, of a direct aggrandizement of her territory, or of prospective acquisitions, to secure to herself, and to the world, the inestimable benefits of a long and flourishing interval of repose.

The truth is, these confederative alliances and incorporations of territory were made with diametrically opposite views: not to preserve, but to violate peace; not to defend, but to enlarge indefinitely the boundaries of the French empire.

At one period, France affected to be satisfied with the limits, which, it was imagined, nature herself had assigned to her. The Rhine, the Pyrenees, and the Ocean, were considered to be the outline of her proper territorial dimensions.—Even the ambitious views of several of the revolutionary governments did not, at least ostensibly, advance beyond these traces of national de-

marcation. They were, however, most fully developed after the erection of the limited consulate, and have since progressively acquired a more consistent shape and expansion under the consulate for life; and still more since the establishment of the foundations of a new dynasty. The schemes of ambition formerly projected by the numerous individuals, in whom was vested the simultaneous exercise of the sovereign power, were then frustrated by the secret jealousies and divisions of the heads of the government. In the defence of France against all external attacks, they were all equally zealous and united; but their views of conquest wanted that dangerous unity and simplicity of plan, under which they have been so successfully prosecuted, since the direction of the military energies of France has been usurped and exercised by one individual.

* * * 'If a congress of sovereigns should be held, for the purpose of deliberating on the most effectual means of providing for the present and future security of their respective dominions, would it not, in the first instance, appear to each illustrious member of it to be indispensably necessary, that a general alliance, offensive and defensive, should establish a basis for all their concurrent measures? Would it not also be attended with advantage, both to their cause, and to their proceedings, if this alliance should be held to be valid, for offensive operations, only until a fair and equitable reduction of the power of France shall be effected, whilst its validity, with regard to its defensive character, should remain permanently in force? By such a restriction upon the conditions of the alliance, the justice of the principles on which it was founded, would be rendered more obvious and palpable, and would aid the execution of the measures originating from it, by securing for it the benefit of the public sentiment in its favour. And what timidity, what despondency in their own resources, should prevent the allied powers from declaring, "*that the extension of the boundaries of the French empire, beyond the Rhine and the Pyrenees, is incompatible with the liberties of Europe?*" Intrepidity there would be in the declaration: but is the object to which it points of so extravagantly difficult a nature, as to be altogether impracticable? If the military force of the continent, aided by the naval, military, and financial resources of this country, were embodied against France—if systematic unity of direction were skilfully given to this force—if, during their well-combined operations, every sentiment of national jealousy, every discrepant feeling of national interest, were allayed and suppressed—if a common impression of common danger communicated to the whole a single feeling of military ardour, animated by the cheering hope of preventing the independence of the world from being sacrificed at the shrine of sanguinary and lawless ambition—if the attainment of one general object, consecrated by the unqualified approbation of the moral and enlightened portion of mankind, constituted the sole point of union, for which the nu-

merous ranks of the allies would be marshalled against the enemy; might not the emancipation of Europe be effectually achieved, by a combination founded upon such principles, and stimulated by every motive that can urge patriotic armies to the most zealous performance of their glorious task.'

If a congress of the kind, which Mr. Musgrave recommends, had been established before the commencement of the revolutionary war, or soon after the French revolution assumed the appearance of the violent paroxysm of an epidemic madness, rather than of a rational attempt to improve the political institutions of France, and if this congress had made a frank and simple declaration of the principles on which it was formed and of the purposes which it had in view, and if those principles and those purposes had been *compatible with the integrity and independence of France, and altogether favourable to the liberties and the happiness of mankind*, we believe that it would have been productive of great and extensive benefit. It would have armed all the reason that was left in France, and indeed all that could be found in Europe, in its support. It would have opposed an insuperable barrier to the desolating ravage of the French revolution; and, indeed, it would have rendered that revolution itself, of milder aspect and of shorter continuance. The French nation would not have stained itself with the guilt of so many crimes; and the good, but weak Louis the XVIth would not have been precipitated, as much by the indiscretion of his friends as by the violence of his foes, into an untimely grave.—But neither the sovereigns nor the ministers of the different European states were, at the time, sufficiently enlightened to form a congress on these generous principles and with these enlightened views. The different sovereigns of Europe, particularly those of Austria and Prussia, thought that the French revolution presented a favourable opportunity for promoting their own selfish avidity of individual aggrandizement. At first they mistook the anarchic violence of the French revolution for a proof of national imbecility; which was likely to favour their project for dismembering France. But what they deemed feverish weakness turned out to be the intensity of gigantic strength; which in the end trampled princes and nobles, crowns and mitres, in the dust. And who that knows the principles or can appreciate the want of every thing like wisdom, or virtue, or philanthropy in some of the European governments, can lament their fate?

Though, in the bosom of seclusion, we have not been in-

attentive observers of the political events of the last twenty years; nor are we unacquainted with the characteristic merits and defects of the present leading actors in the turbulent drama of the day. But, from all that we have collected from observation, or learned by reflection, or deduced from other sources of information, we do not believe that Europe can be saved by the plan which Mr. Musgrave recommends; or that there is virtue, or wisdom, or energies of any kind enough in the different continental powers to oppose any effectual obstacle to the domination of Napoleon, or to reduce the power of France within those moderate limits of the Alps, the Rhine, the ocean, and the Pyrenees, which are necessary in order to restore the balance of power, and to secure the rest of Europe from the scourge of her military rule. We will not say that fortuitous, or what are commonly called fortuitous events are not yet undisclosed in the womb of time by which the power of France may be caused to return within its ancient limits; but statesmen are not to be governed by chance, but to act on well-grounded probabilities arising out of a sober, reflective and well-combined view of the present state of things. As the rustic who is incessantly watching the perpetual variableness of the wind will never sow, so the politician who builds his security upon ephemeral expedients and trusts to chance, as his most potent auxiliary, will never devise any plan that will essentially benefit his country or mankind.

ART. VI.—*A Tour through Italy, exhibiting a View of its Scenery, its Antiquities, and its Monuments; particularly as they are Objects of Classical Interest and Elucidation; with an Account of the present State of its Cities and Towns; and occasional Observations on the recent Spoliations of the French. By the Rev. John Chetwode Eustace. London: Mawman, 1813. 2 Vols. 4to. £5. 5s.*

(Concluded from p. 85 of the former Number.)

FROM Florence our traveller proceeded to Pistoia, and thence to Lucca, where he says that 'the public good seems to be the prime, the only object of government, without the least indirect glance at either private interest or even corporate distinction. With motives so pure, and conduct so disinterested, the nobles are justly considered as

the fathers of the republic, and looked up to with sentiments of gratitude and reverence. One of the grand features of true republican liberty, the constant and perpetual predominance of the law, is here peculiarly visible. It protects all without distinction, and deprives all alike of all means of attack or annoyance; hence the noble as well as the plebeian is disarmed, and like the Romans of old, obliged to look not to his sword but to the law for defence and redress; the least deviation from justice meets with prompt and rigorous punishment. At *Lucca*, as in England, rank is no protection; it only renders the offence and the punishment more notorious. Hence, though the people have much of the courage, perhaps of the fierceness, of liberty, yet crimes, and even deeds of violence, are rare, and the quarrels and murders that so often occur in other cities of Italy, are absolutely unknown; a circumstance that proves, if proofs were wanting, that the Italians owe their vices to the negligence, the folly, and sometimes, perhaps, to the wickedness of their governments. Another vice with which the Italians are reproached, in my opinion, unjustly, idleness, and its concomitant beggary, are banished from *Lucca* and its territory. None even among the nobles appear exorbitantly rich, but none seem poor; the taxes are light, provisions cheap, and competency within the reach of every individual.

But the freedom and the prosperity of *Lucca* are now nothing more than a name; and this will be no subject of wonder when it is considered that the city has been visited by the French; whose friendship to all the states, who have accepted it, has included every species of injury and every variety of distress.

Mr. Eustace who glows with that love of liberty, which, in his bosom, is a pure and hallowed flame, often mentions with regret the loss of that invaluable blessing in some of the principal towns in Italy, where it was once seen with its common associates, commerce, industry, and all the qualities both of mind and heart which constitute the greatest good and the highest ornament of civilized man. *Pisa* in its present enslaved state,

‘can count only fifteen thousand inhabitants within the wide circumference of her walls, a number which in the days of her prosperity would have been insufficient to man one-half of her galleys, or guard her ramparts during the watches of the night. At the very same period when the streets of *Pisa* were crowded with citizens, *Sienna* counted one hundred thousand inhabitants, and *Florence* herself could boast of four hundred thousand. These cities were then three independent republics. The two former were subjugated by the latter, and were soon reduced, the one to thirty, the other to twenty thousand inhabitants. Victorious *Florence* is in her turn enslaved by her dukes; and lo!

four hundred thousand free citizens dwindled into fifty thousand slaves !”

We shall not stay to notice any of the public buildings of Pisa except it be the *Campanile* or belfry, which is called the leaning tower, from its inclination of more than fourteen feet from the perpendicular.

‘It consists of eight stories, formed of arches supported by pillars and divided by cornices. The undermost is closed up, the six others are open galleries, and the uppermost is of less diameter, because it is a continuation of the inward wall, and surrounded not by a gallery but by an iron ballustrade only. The elevation of the whole is about one hundred and eighty feet. The staircase winds through the inward wall.’

The inclination of the tower from whatever cause it originated, must have taken place before the edifice was finished; as the ‘uppermost story diverges much less from the perpendicular line than the others, and seems to have been constructed as a sort of counterpoise.’

The cemetery of Pisa is filled to the depth of ten feet with earth brought from the Holy Land, which is said to have the peculiar property of decomposing within the space of twice twenty-four hours the dead bodies which are deposited below its surface.—The university of Pisa, like the other universities in Italy, has lost the celebrity which it possessed in ancient times; when freedom was fostered and all the intellectual powers of man developed and invigorated by a popular government.

‘The distance from *Pisa* to *Leghorn* is about thirteen miles, and the country between a dead plain, remarkable neither for beauty nor cultivation, intersected, particularly near the latter town, with numberless canals opened to let off the waters that naturally stagnate in the hollows and flats of the Tuscan coast; the swamps which these waters occasioned infected the air in ancient times, and rendered all the tract of country along the *Tyrrhene* sea unwholesome. It is still dangerous in the heats of summer, though every method has been employed to drain the marshes and purify the atmosphere. Of all these methods the increase of population occasioned by the commerce of *Leghorn* has been the most effectual.’

Our traveller made a voyage from *Leghorn* to *Genoa* in the *Medusa* frigate, commanded by Captain Gore.—*Genoa* is said to be composed only of well-built lanes, with no streets that are wide, and only three that are beautiful. These three are

‘composed of lines of vast and lofty palaces, some of which are entirely of marble, and all ornamented with marble portals, porticos, and columns. The interior of these mansions is seldom

unworthy of their external appearance. Marble staircases, with bronze ballustres, conduct to spacious saloons which open into each other in a long series, and are all adorned with the richest marbles, and tapestries, and gilded cornices and pannels.'

The Genoese seem to be infected by bad taste, as they sacrifice simplicity to ornament and glare.

'The day after our arrival,' says Mr. Eustace, 'we were presented to the doge (*Durazzo*), a venerable old man, who received us with great affability, or rather kindness, and very obligingly invited us to dinner, an honour which we were reluctantly compelled to decline, as we were under the necessity of leaving *Genoa* before the appointed day; a circumstance which we have many reasons to regret. The manners of the doge were easy and unaffected; his conversation open and manly. One sentiment I thought remarkable, "Peace," said he, "will, I hope, last, and give us an opportunity of redeeming our honour."

In his way to the fortress of *Alessandria* our author crossed the plain of *Marengo*, where he saw the event of the battle which has for ever signalized that place, commemorated 'on the pedestal of an insignificant Doric pillar,' in 'bad Latin, Italian, and French.'—From this object, which can excite no very agreeable recollections in him who desires the independence of Europe or wishes well to the liberties of mankind, we turn with pleasure to accompany our author to *Milan*, to which city he proceeds through *Pavia*, once famous for her love of letters and of liberty. In this part of his journey he traversed the delicious plain of *Milan*, which nature seems to have formed in one of her most smiling hours and bounteous moods.

'Irrigated,' says Mr. Eustace, 'by rivers that never fail, it is clad even in the burning months of July and August with perpetual verdure, and displays after a whole season of scorching sunshine, the deep green carpet of the vernal months. Even in the beginning of October, autumn had scarcely tinged its woods, while the purple and yellow flowers of spring still variegated its rich grassy meadows. The climate, like that of Italy at large, is uniform and serene, but as the more southern provinces are refreshed during the sultry season by a breeze from the sea, so these plains are cooled by gales that blow constantly from the bordering mountains. Hence the traveller, who has been panting and melting away in the glowing atmosphere of *Florence* and *Genoa*, no sooner crosses the *Apennines*, and descends into the *Milanese*, than he finds himself revived and braced by a freshness, the more agreeable and unexpected because he still continues to enjoy the same unclouded sky, and bright azure firmament.'

ment. Nor is this vale deficient as plains, if extensive, usually are in interest; or like the *Netherlands*, a lifeless level, where no swell presents itself to attract the eye, and to vary the sullen uniformity. The plains of the Po, enclosed between two chains of vast mountains, always have one and sometimes both in view, while numberless ramifications branching from them, intersect the adjacent countries in all directions, and adorn them with ridges of hills that diminish in size and elevation as they are more distant from the parent mountains.'

After describing the magnificent structure of the cathedral of Milan, which is built of white marble, and paved, vaulted, and roofed with the same substance, and which exceeds all the churches in the world 'in fretwork, carving, and statues,' Mr. Eustace pays a deserved tribute of applause to the character of St. Charles Borromeo, whose remains repose in a subterranean chapel in the interior of this splendid church. St. Charles Borromeo, who was a cardinal and archbishop of Milan, was an instance of virtue and disinterestedness which has rarely been equalled by any person in the ecclesiastical or in any of the liberal professions, or indeed in any sphere in life. Virtue of such purity, expansion, and sublimity, will perhaps by some be thought too resplendent to have been really displayed beneath the purple of a cardinal or within the pale of the Romish church. But the eulogy, which has been pronounced on him by our traveller, has not a word which is inconsistent with truth; and we must remark that there are many parts of his conduct which in a peculiar manner merit the imitation of the bishops and archbishops in our protestant communion.

'Princely birth and fortune, the highest dignities, learning, talents, and accomplishments, qualities so apt to intoxicate the strongest mind even in the soberness of mature, I might say, in the sullenness of declining age, shone in him even when a youth without impairing that humility, simplicity of heart, disinterestedness and holiness, which constituted his real merit and formed his most honourable and permanent distinction. It was his destiny to render to his people those great and splendid services which excite public applause and gratitude, and to perform at the same time those humbler duties which, though perhaps more meritorious, are less obscure, and sometimes produce more obloquy than acknowledgment. Thus, he founded schools, colleges, and hospitals, built parochial churches, most affectionately attended his flock during a destructive pestilence, erected a lazaretto, and served the forsaken victims with his own hands. These are duties uncommon, magnificent, and heroic, and are followed by fame and glory. But, to reform a clergy and people depraved and almost barbarized by ages of war, in-

vasion, internal dissension, and by their concomitant evils, famine, pestilence, and general misery; to extend his influence to every part of an immense diocese, including some of the wildest regions of the *Alps*, to visit every village in person, and inspect and correct every disorder, are offices of little pomp and of great difficulty. Yet, this laborious part of his pastoral charge he went through with the courage and the perseverance of an apostle; and so great was his success, that the diocese of *Milan*, the most extensive perhaps in Italy, as it contains at least eight hundred and fifty parishes, became a model of decency, order, and regularity, and in this respect has excited the admiration of every impartial observer. The good effects of the zeal of St. Charles extended far beyond the limits of his diocese; and most of his regulations for the reformation of his clergy, such as the establishment of seminaries, yearly retreats, &c. were adopted by the Gallican church, and extended over France and Germany.

'The private virtues of St. Charles, that is, the qualities that give true sterling value to the man, and sanctify him in the eyes of his Creator, I mean humility, self-command, temperance, industry, prudence, and fortitude, were not inferior to his public endowments. His table was for his guests; his own diet was confined to bread and vegetables; he allowed himself no amusement or relaxation, alleging that the variety of his duties was in itself a sufficient recreation. His dress and establishment was such as became his rank, but in private he disposed with the attendance of servants, and wore an under dress coarse and common; his bed was of straw; his repose short; and in all the details of life, he manifested an utter contempt of personal ease and indulgence. The immense charities of St. Charles exceed the income and magnificence of sovereigns. In every city in which he had at any time resided, he left some monument of useful munificence; a school, a fountain, an hospital, or a college. Ten of the latter, five of the preceding, and the former without number, still remain at *Pavia*, *Bologna*, *Milan*, and in all the towns of its diocese. Besides these public foundations, he bestowed annually the sum of thirty thousand crowns on the poor, and added to it in various cases of public distress during his life the sum of two hundred thousand crowns more, not including numberless extra benefactions conferred upon individuals whose situations claimed peculiar and perhaps secret relief. The funds which supplied these boundless charities were derived partly from his own estates, and partly from his archiepiscopal revenue. The former, as he had no expensive tastes, or habits of indulgence, were devoted entirely to beneficence; the latter he divided according to the ancient custom into three parts, one of which was appropriated to the building and reparation of churches and edifices connected with them; the second was allotted to the poor, and the third employed in the duties-

tic expenditure of the bishop. But, of the whole income, the humble and disinterested prelate ordered an account to be submitted annually to the diocesan synod.

Amongst the outrages, which the French committed at Milan, Mr. Eustace mentions that they employed one of the pictures of Leonardo da Vinci on the Last Supper, and supposed to be his master-piece as a target to fire at!—‘The heads were their favourite marks, and that of our Saviour in preference to the others.’ This celebrated painting was in a hall in the convent of the Dominicans, which these Gallic freebooters turned ‘into a store-room of artillery.’

From Milan our author proceeded to Como, which is an episcopal town, pleasantly situated at the southern extremity of the Larian lake. Pliny, the younger, was one of its ancient citizens. With the natural propensity of a cultivated mind, Pliny seems to have delighted in improving the place of his nativity by works of utility and ornament. The inhabitants of Como appear still to retain an affectionate recollection of the virtues of their illustrious countryman, as his statue is placed in the front of the cathedral with two inscriptions, which at least manifest their admiration of his virtues. Como is still a flourishing town, and ‘contains a population of nearly twenty thousand souls.’

The view of the town of Como, as seen from the lake at the distance of about a mile from the quay, is mentioned by Mr. Eustace as extremely beautiful. We, who have seen it only in his description, have seen enough to be convinced that it must be richly embellished with picturesque charms.

‘The expanse of water immediately under the eye, the boats gliding across it; beyond it the town with its towers and domes, at the foot of three conical hills all green and wooded, that in the middle crowned with a crested castle extending its ramparts down the declivity; on both sides bold eminences chequered with groves and villas, form altogether a varied and most enchanting picture. On passing the little promontory that forms the harbour, we discovered a fine sheet of water of seven miles, with the pretty little town of *Carnobio* full before us; and on our left, an opening between the hills, through which we discovered some *glacieres*, and in particular mount *St. Bernard*, covered with perpetual snows. The mountains on both sides rose to a great elevation, sometimes ascending abruptly from the lake itself, and sometimes swelling gradually from its borders, always shaded with forests of firs and chestnuts, or clad with vines and olives. But whether steep or sloping, the declivities

are enlivened by numberless villas, villages, convents, and towns, seated sometimes on the very verge of the water, sometimes perched on crags and precipices; here imbosomed in groves, and there towering on the summits of the mountains. This mixture of solitude and of animation, of grandeur and of beauty, joined with the brightness of the sky, the smoothness of the lake, and the warm beams of the sun playing upon its surface, gave inexpressible interest to the scene, and excited in the highest degree our delight and admiration.'

The lake of Como, or the Larian lake, has experienced no alteration in its ancient dimensions. It is 'fifty miles in length, from three to six in breadth, and from forty to six hundred feet in depth.'

'The mountains that border the lake are by no means either barren or naked; their lower regions are generally covered with olives, vines, and orchards; the middle is encircled with groves of chesnut of great height and expansion, and the upper regions are either downs or forests of pine and fir, with the exception of certain very elevated ridges, which are necessarily either naked or covered with eternal snow. Their sides are seldom formed of one continued steep, but usually interrupted by fields and levels extending sometime into wide plains, which supply abundant space for every kind of cultivation. These fertile plains are generally at one-third, and sometimes at two-thirds of the total elevation. On or near these levels are most of the towns and villages that so beautifully diversify the sides of the mountains.'

After visiting the lake of Como, Mr. Eustace embarked on the Lago di Lugano, which is twenty-five miles in length, from three to six in breadth, and of almost unfathomable depth.

'The banks are formed by the sides of two mountains so steep as to afford little room for villages or even cottages; and so high as to cast a blackening shade over the surface of the waters. Their rocky bases are oftentimes so perpendicular and descend so rapidly into the gulph below, without shelving or gradation, as not to allow shelter for a boat, or even footing for a human being. Hence, although covered with wood hanging in vast masses of verdure from the precipices, and although bold and magnificent in the highest degree from their bulk and elevation, yet they inspire sensations of awe rather than of pleasure.'

There are some exceptions to this general description of the scenery of the lake, particularly in that part which expands into the bay of Lugano, where the banks are more sloping and fields and villas are seen. Mr. Eustace gives a particular description of the Borromean islands, which constitute the principal ornament of the Lago Maggiore.

From the little town of Magotzo, Mr. Eustace advanced towards

Domo d'Ossola through one of the most delightful vallies that Alpine solitudes enclose, or the foot of the wanderer ever traversed. It is from two to seven miles wide, encompassed by mountains, generally of a craggy and menacing aspect, but not unfrequently softened by verdure, wood, and cultivation. It is closed at one end by the towering summits of *Sempione*, whitened with everlasting snows. Through the middle of the valley meanders a river called *Tosa*, wide and smooth, narrow and rough alternately. The road sometimes crosses meadows, sometimes borders the stream shaded by the poplar, the lime, and the weeping birch; here it winds up the mountains, and edges the brink of the precipice, and there intersects groves and vineyards, passing under vines carried over it on trellis-work, and interwoven into arbours of immense length and impenetrable foliage.

Hence our traveller proceeded towards *Sempione*, over which mountain a road was making by order of the French government in order to expedite the communication with Italy.

The ascent and difficult part of the road commences at the spot where the torrent of *Divario* burst through a vast chasm in the rock, and rushes headlong into the valley of Ossola. Over this chasm a bridge is to be thrown, an undertaking bold in appearance, but in reality not difficult, as the shallowness of the water in summer enables them to lay the foundation with ease, while the rock on each side forms immovable abutments. The piers were nearly finished. The road then, like all the Alpine passages, follows the windings of the defile, and the course of the torrent, sometimes on a level with its bank, and at other times raised along the side of the mountain, and on the verge of a precipice. To enlarge the passage, the rock has in many places been blown up, an operation carrying on as we passed, and adding, by the echo of the explosion, not a little to the grandeur of the scene. In one spot, where the mass of granite which overhung the torrent was too vast to be misplaced and too prominent to be worked externally, it was hollowed out and an opening made of about sixty feet in length, twelve in breadth, and as many in height. This cavern is represented by the French as an unusual and grand effort, a monument of exertion and perseverance: but how insignificant does it appear when compared to the grotto of *Posilipo*, or to the gate of *Salzburg*. The ascent is very gradual, and in the highest degree safe and commodious. It is therefore likely to become, when finished, the principal communication between Italy, France, and Switzerland; since no art can render the mountains, *Cenis*, *St. Bernard*, and *St. Gothard*, so secure and prac-

ticable. Beyond the spot where the rock is perforated, the road reaches an elevation too cold for the vine, and the face of nature resigns the warm features of Italy. Indeed, a little beyond the next village, called *Gondo*, where the traveller passes from *Pueze* to *Ingutz*, the language itself alters; and German, more conformable to the ruggedness of the situation, assumes the place of Italian. The village which gives its name to the mountain, stands not on, but near, the summit, and is called by its inhabitants *Sempelendorf*. Its Latin appellation is supposed to be *Mons Cæpionis*, or *Sempronii*, now *Sempione*. As the road was merely traced out, but not passable beyond *Gondo*, we stopped at a spot where the torrent, forcing its way through two lofty rocks, takes a sudden turn, because the scenery here appeared particularly magnificent. Indeed, in descending, the grandeur of the defile is seen to more advantage in all its parts. On the bank opposite the road, the mountains rose in large perpendicular masses of brown rock, and swelling to a prodigious elevation, displayed on their craggy summits a few scattered plants, and sometimes woods of pine, fir, and beech. Behind us were the snow-clad pinnacles of *Sempione*, and in front a ridge of towering rocks that overhang the vale of the *Tosa*. The severity and terror of the prospect increases at every step as we approached the entrance of the defile, and the view from the bridge passing through the cliffs where apparently highest and darkest, and resting on the shining glaciers that crown the mountain, is by the contrast rendered peculiarly striking, and one of the most magnificent scenes of Alpine solitude.

After returning to *Magotzo*, and reembarking on the *Lago Maggiore*, Mr. Eustace visited *Turin*; and thence passed by the route of *Mount Cenis* into France. Mr. Eustace makes some admirable remarks on the causes which led to the present abject humiliation of the court of *Turin*, and particularly on the general use of the French language, manners, and dress. His remarks on dress in particular in this part of his work, evince great nicety of observation.

After his departure from *Turin*, our traveller on his arrival at *Novalese*, about ten o'clock at night, beheld the craggy masses of *Mount Cenis*, illumined by the moon hanging over the town. The ascent of the mountain commences from the town-gate.

The road at first winds along the side of the hill, then crosses a torrent, and continues along its banks all the way up the mountain. These banks are for some time fringed with trees and bushes. About half-way stands the village of *Ferrieres*, amid rocks and precipices, in a situation so bleak and wintry, that the traveller almost shivers at its appearance. A

little above this village, the acclivity becomes very abrupt; the bed of the torrent turns into a succession of precipices, and the stream tumbles from cliff to cliff in sheets of white foam with tremendous uproar. The road sometimes borders upon the verge of the steep, but it is so wide as to remove all apprehension of danger. In one place only the space is narrower than usual, and there, a gallery or covered way is formed close to the rock, which rises perpendicular above it, in order to afford the traveller in winter shelter against driving snows and the wind, that sweep all before them down the steep.

As our traveller continued his ascent he reached the great plain, which is about six miles in length, and, where widest, about four in width. It is

‘about six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and notwithstanding this elevation, is, when free from snow, that is, from June till October, covered with flowers and verdure. It is bordered on all sides by the different eminences and ridges that form the summit of Mount Cenis, covered for the greater part with everlasting snow, that glitter to the sun, and chill the traveller with the frozen prospect.’

A convent has from time immemorial been established on this plain, in order to minister to the wants of the traveller in this apparently inhospitable scene. It served at once as a place of refreshment and of rest, as an hospital for the sick, as a direction for those who had lost their way in these inclement solitudes, and, in short, as a sanctuary of refuge from the complicated ills to which, in such a situation, the traveller might be exposed. But this asylum, so friendly to humanity, was suppressed by the barbarity of the French revolutionists, because it was an establishment of benevolence acting under the influence of religion. Bonaparte, however, had the policy or the virtue to restore this excellent institution; but he replaced the friars, who were the former inhabitants of the convent, by monks of the order of St. Bernard.

The conclusion of Mr. Eustace's tour is followed by an admirable DISSERTATION, containing ‘general observations on the geography—climate—scenery—history—language—literature—and religion of Italy—and on the character of the Italians.’ The length to which we have already extended our account of the Tour, and the variety of extracts which we have made from it, in order to serve as specimens and proofs of its extraordinary beauties, will not permit us to give any detailed account of this dissertation; but we can assure our readers that it furnishes indubitable evidence of great research and nice discrimination; and that it has every claim to be read

by the scholar for its learning, and by him who possesses no classical erudition, for the solidity of its remarks, the copiousness of its information, and the grace and elegance which it every where displays.

After some concluding remarks we have an appendix on the pope, the Roman court, and cardinals. Much of the matter in this appendix will be found at once novel and interesting to the generality of English readers. The following is an account of the exterior homage which is paid to the pope, and of the ceremonial which is practised on any presentation to his holiness.

‘Whenever he (the pope) appears in public, or is approached even in private, his person is encircled with reverence and with majesty. In public, a large silver cross raised on high is carried before him, as a sacred banner, the church bells ring as he passes, and all kneel in his sight. When he officiates at the patriarchal Basilica, he is carried from his apartments in the adjoining palace to the church in a chair of state, though in the chancel his throne is merely an ancient episcopal chair, raised only a few steps above the seats of the cardinals or clergy. In private, as the pontifical palaces are vast and magnificent, there are perhaps more apartments to be traversed, and greater appearances of splendor in the approach to his person, than in an introduction to any other sovereign. In his anti-chamber, a prelate in full robes is always in waiting, and when the bell rings, the door of the pontifical apartment opens, and the pope is seen in a chair of state with a little table before him. The person presented kneels once at the threshold, again in the middle of the room, and lastly, at the feet of the pontiff, who, according to circumstances, allows him to kiss the cross embroidered on his shoes, or presents his hand to raise him. The pontiff then converses with him a short time, and dismisses him with some slight present of beads, or medals, as a memorial. The ceremony of genu-flection is again repeated, and the doors close.’

The lives of the popes have sometimes been represented as consisting in a round of sensual gratification, and as uniting every species of temporal delight. Mr. Eustace, however, gives a very different representation of the papal habits; and, if his account be correct, which we have no reason to doubt, it proves at least that the popes are placed in no very enviable circumstances, as far as the gratifications of sense, or the pleasures of society are concerned; and that whatever may be the delight afforded by this spiritual elevation, it is associated with a degree of stateliness and reserve which must be exquisitely mortifying to a man who has a relish, (and what man with a

heart in his bosom, has not a relish?) for the charms of social life.

The pomp which environs the pontiff in public, and attracts the attention so forcibly, may perhaps appear to many a glorious and enviable distinction; but there are few, I believe, who would not, if accompanied by it in all the details of ordinary life, feel it an intolerable burthen. Other sovereigns have their hours of relaxation; they act their part in public, and then throw off their robes, and mix in the domestic circle with their family, or their confidants. The pope has no hours of relaxation; always encumbered with the same robes, surrounded by the same attendants, and confined within the magic circle of etiquette, he labours for ever under the weight of his dignity, and may, if influenced by ordinary feelings, often sigh in vain for the leisure and the insignificance of the college or the cloister. A morning of business and application closes with a solitary meal; a walk in the gardens of the *Quirinal* or the *Vatican*, a visit to a church or an hospital, are his only exercises. Devotion and business, the duties of the pontiff and of the prince, successively occupy his hours, and leave no vacant interval for the indulgence of the taste, or the arrangement of the affairs of the individual. What honours can compensate for a life of such restraint and confinement! I have said a solitary meal, for the pope never dines in company, so that to him a repast is no recreation; it is consequently short and frugal. Sixtus Quintus is reported to have confined the expences of his table to about sixpence. Innocent XI. did not exceed half-a-crown; and the present pontiff, considering the different valuation of money, equals them both in frugality, as his table never exceeds five shillings a day.

On the whole, the person and conduct of the pope, whether in public or in private, are under perpetual restraint, and constant inspection. The least deviation from strict propriety or even from customary forms, would be immediately noticed, published, and censured in pasquinades. Leo X. loved shooting, and by the change of dress necessary for that amusement, gave scandal. Clement XIV. (Ganganelli) was advised by his physicians to ride; he rode in the neighbourhood of his *Alban villa*, and it is said, offended the people of the country not a little by that supposed levity. Benedict XIV. wished to see the interior arrangement of a new theatre, and visited it before it was opened to the public; the next morning an inscription appeared over the door by which he had entered, *Porta Santa: plenary indulgence to all who enter*. These anecdotes suffice to shew the joyless uniformity of the papal court, as well as the strict decorum that pervades every department immediately connected with the person of the pontiff.

We heartily wish with Mr. Eustace that etiquette per-

mitted the pope to enjoy more freedom of social converse, as we think that it might essentially contribute not only to the increase of his own personal enjoyment, but to the general good of the church of which he is the head. His table should be the resort of learned men, who might profit by his patronage, as much as he might profit by their conversation. Thus there would be a reciprocation of benefits; and no greater degree of advantage or of honour would be conferred, than would be received in return. Alms may be given to illiterate indigence, and great satisfaction of heart may result to the benevolent individual by whom it is solaced or relieved; but the quality of learning is to shed a lustre around the name of those, by whom it is raised from obscurity, or succoured in distress. Charity blesses both him who gives and him who takes what is given; but, when it is bestowed in ministering to the physical wants of those who are labouring for the intellectual improvement of mankind, and who are adding to that stock of literary gratification which is never apt, like sensual indulgence, to pall upon the wearied sense, Charity rises to its highest pitch of usefulness and of glory. Its head is encircled by a diadem of stars; and it appears upon the earth like a being of a higher order than what belongs to the common herd of mankind. Beneficence may be its name; but it is Beneficence invested with the most majestic attributes; which bestows pleasure where it has a double relish; and which both nurtures and consoles the most sensitive part of the suffering world.

If the patrimony of St. Peter's had been uniformly employed in the encouragement of learning and of talents, and particularly in selecting intellectual pre-eminence, when combined with moral worth, for the highest stations in the church, the Romish communion would not at this moment have looked abject in degradation, or have languished in decay. But when vice and dulness are for any length of time permitted to bear the sway in moral institutions, like those of a national church, it is a matter of demonstrative certainty that they must occasion the neglect and the contempt, and ultimately the ruin of the body to which they belong. How indeed can it be otherwise, when those qualities which are reasonably objects of the highest preference, are held in the lowest estimation? There is in all public affairs, whether considered as relative to a body of ecclesiastics or of statesmen, a certain moral order in the distribution of honours and of wealth,

which both reason recommends, and conscience ratifies; and which can never be long violated with impunity! Humiliation, misery, and destruction will be the final result of the violation, whether it be practised in a council of statesmen, or an assembly of divines, in the cabinets of lay-princes or the synods of ecclesiastical superiors.

The reason why new governments and new institutions of all kinds generally display the most energy, make the strongest impression, and produce the most extensive effects, is that they contain more intellect and virtue, greater and nobler qualities both of mind and heart, than what are usually found in governments and institutions of longer existence, and older growth, into which indolence and corruption have gradually crept, corroding the vitals, vitiating the juices, and wasting the strength of those who are selected for the administration. If there be any human institutions, which are susceptible of perpetuity, it can be only those in which care is taken to preserve the continuance of the intellectual and moral properties, by which their dignity is first occasioned, and by which their glory, considered as connected with their usefulness, can alone be maintained.

But we must put a stop to this train of reflection, which would lead us from the civil and ecclesiastical state of Rome to that of other countries, to bid adieu, but we trust and hope not a final, nor a long adieu to our present amiable, enlightened, and interesting traveller. We have seldom, perhaps never perused any work which has altogether given us greater satisfaction, or mingled with less alloy. The kind, the candid, the benevolent, and devout frame of the author's mind, is characterized in every part of his tour; and is indeed reflected in it like the richest scenery in the purest stream. His sentiments, particularly those on political freedom, which burns within his bosom with a pure and tranquil, but a bright and vivid flame, have excited our warmest admiration. Mr. Eustace is no worshipper at the shrine of anarchy and licentiousness; but he is one of the warmest devotees to rational liberty, that liberty in defence of which the most sober sages have spoken and written, and the most virtuous heroes have fought and bled. His Catholicism, for Mr. Eustace is, to his praise be it spoken, a sincere and a pious Catholic, instead of disfiguring his work, or of rendering it sombre and revolting, adds greatly to its simple, its genuine charms. We have previously travelled through Italy

with Protestants, but never with so much delight as with this devout minister of the Catholic communion. For Mr. Eustace's Catholicism is never too glaring or obtrusive; but it is of just such a nature as to give a zest to his description of Catholic institutions; while it is so well tempered by piety and benevolence as seldom to be in a state of discordancy with the feelings or the sentiments of a rational Protestant, or even of a holy theist, who sees God in every thing which nature presents to his view; in a grove warbling with untaught harmonies, in a mead painted with flowers, in a sky blazing with the sun at noon, or glowing with the moon and the stars by night.

We respect and we esteem that man who sincerely professes his theological sentiments, whatever they may be; in whose mind they are so constantly present as to make him discern the spirit of God, actively bounteous and infinitely wise in the greater events, and even in the minuter circumstances of human life. It was the remark of a profoundly reflective man, that Providence often hangs events of the greatest weight on the most delicate and slender threads. The force of causation must not, with respect to his providential government, be determined by its apparent strength or weakness; for in the tissue of the divine proceedings, there is always something which eludes the nicest calculations of human prudence, and indeed mocks the utmost strength of human foresight. But the constant presence of God in the world, and his perpetual agency in all that we see or feel, shows that with those, who are impressed with this wholesome truth, there is no description, even of a flower or a leaf, in which some religious reflection may not aptly be indulged, or with which some sentiment of piety may not strictly accord. These volumes of Mr. Eustace are pervaded not by a sectarian spirit, but by that theopathy which arises in the soul from a comprehensive view of human interests, and a tender regard for human happiness, which is, when rightly considered, not in any degree so much dependent on unity of belief, as on the influence of mutual charity.

The mind of our traveller appears to be of that finely harmonized tone, that he could not walk through a forest, or up a mountain, or over a plain, or by the margin of the sea, or the banks of a rill, without being feelingly conscious that God is present in every scene, whether it be peopled or solitary, lowly or sublime. This is what we call a theopathic spirit; and this spirit is certainly awake in the bosom of Mr. Eustace. His work contains

indubitable proofs of its presence; and he who reads it, unless he be insensate as a stone, must feel, as he proceeds, a portion of that devotional glow which the author evidently felt. We must confess, without any flattery on the one side, or any affectation, which we equally despise on the other, that this was the impression which it made upon us during the perusal; and when we lay it down we can say of it as Homer did of the effect left upon the mind of Agamemnon by the message of Jove,

——— *Θειν δὲ μιν ἀμφιχρὺν ὄψεσθαι.*

ART. VII.—*Tales of Real Life. By Mrs. Opie. In Three Volumes. London: Longman, 1813. 18s.*

THESE tales are four in number. The first is entitled *Lady Anne and Lady Jane*. The following is a slight sketch of the story. Lady Anne and Lady Jane are orphans, and also first cousins. They are both left on the death of their parents under the guardianship of a Mr. Percy. This Mr. Percy has an only son, who is a very charming, sensible, and fashionable young man; and who, as it may be presumed, falls in love with one of his father's beautiful wards; but unfortunately he stumbles upon the one who is the least likely to make him happy. Lady Jane, though a beautiful and a most fascinating woman, is by no means calculated to make a *good*, though she is eminently qualified for a *fashionable* wife. She is beautiful; she is witty; she is volatile; she is thoughtless. She is the votary of pleasure; she is extravagant; she is a contractor of debts; and she is a determined gambler—yet she is represented as having an affectionate heart; but her thoughtlessness and extravagance render this affectionate heart of very little use. At a tale of woe she is all commiseration. She is the general 'patroness of distress;' and she 'gave to charity what she ought to have given to justice.' She possessed unfortunately what Mrs. Opie calls

* *Popular* virtues, which throw a glittering veil over the vices of a character, and thereby bestow on it a false radiance difficult to detect. Lady Jane knew that those errors which had injured her husband's peace and fortune, and lowered her in his esteem, were either not known to the world, or were forgotten in her deeds of charity, her active benevolence, and the fascinations of her person; and though her heart was wounded by a

sense of her faults, it required more strength of mind than she possessed to break through habits, the indulgence of which did not destroy that popularity which was her favourite idol. 'Perhaps there are no characters,' says Mrs. Opie, 'so dangerous in society as those which unite great virtues with great faults, and seduce by the former into imitation or toleration of the latter; while the unwary imitator, who would have shrunk with aversion from the contagion of errors unaccompanied by the attractions of virtues, becomes a prey to the one unconsciously, by means of the other.'

Lady Jane pursues her giddy career, and is a second Mrs. Harrel in her expensive and thoughtless life; but possessing more intellect than that lady is represented to have had. Lady Anne is described as the Cecilia of the tale, but without her sweetness of manners. Lady Anne is sternly virtuous; but yet liberal and beautiful. She struggles with a hopeless passion, as she had fallen in love with Mr. Percy before he declared his passion for her cousin Lady Jane. The scenes of distress which are subsequent to the marriage of Mr. Percy with Lady Jane, and are the product of her careless prodigality and gambling infatuation, and the generous and enlightened conduct of Lady Anne are very feelingly portrayed, and exhibit a bright contrast between sense and fatuity, virtue and vice.

Lady Jane, after borrowing immense sums of her cousin merely, as the vulgar phrase is, to keep the wolf from the door,—and delude her husband, at last comes to a melancholy end. This votary of fashion and folly, gives a fete, and, as her taste was unrivalled, and as every thing she did, every thing she said, every thing she wore, and, every room she decorated, was the fashion,—she, of course, spared no expence to keep up her name for elegance and profusion in the *haut ton*. At this splendid fete she had bespoken her decorations for her rooms of an artificial flower maker of great eminence in his line, who had employed a poor man to make him some roses, &c. for the occasion. The man, who was needy, expected to be paid at the time he carried home his work. This, however, was not the case; but, as he could not wait, he solicited or rather *dunned* his employer, who, knowing that he might not be paid by Lady Jane for years, sent him to her, desiring him to say that he had sent him, accompanied by a statement of great pecuniary exigency.—Lady Jane, whose heart always melted at the word poverty, distress, &c. goes with her flower bill to her husband, who immediately gives her

money for the occasion; but, instead of paying it to the poor flower maker, she loses it at cards in the evening. Lady Jane is also frequently importuned for payment by the poor man's wife, but gets nothing but empty promises for her pains,

'Again and again she came, till Ellis (Lady Jane's maid) once more presented the account to Lady Jane, who started with conscious baseness when she saw it; nor could she be easy till she told Lady Anne the circumstance, and received money to discharge it. But the next morning a tale of woe was presented to her of a very shocking kind; and, as the general patroness of distress, Lady Jane gave to charity what she ought to have given to justice,' and the poor flower maker again went away unpaid.

The poor man who was oppressed with debts which a small part of what was owing to him would have paid, is arrested, and rather than go to a jail he commits suicide. His wife is overwhelmed with distraction, and for some time is confined in a mad-house. She is at length dismissed as cured; but, on returning to her melancholy home, she fancies that she is warned in a dream to revenge her husband's death on the Lady Jane Percy, who had been the cause of all her woe. She finds the knife with which her husband had committed the rash act of self-murder, and proceeds to the house of Lady Jane, and joins the crowd that always thronged her ladyship's door, in order to see the beautiful woman of fashion step into her carriage in full dress.

'She now appeared brilliant and beautiful as ever, and stopped an instant on the last step, perhaps for the pleasure of displaying herself. At this instant a woman rushed up to her, and almost buried a knife in her body. Lady Jane shrieked and fell, while the incensed populace seized the assassin, and one of the servants drew the knife out of the wound.'

The husband's agony at this horrid scene is very pathetically described, as well as the shock which he suffers on hearing the following tale when he went into the room where she was detained.

"A woman!" exclaimed he, averting his head with agony from the being who had perhaps murdered his wife: "What poor wretch! could lead you to such a crime?" "She is mad, dear Sir," said Jennings eagerly. "Yes, I am mad," replied she, "but then who made me so? My Lady Percy!" Percy started, but said, "Go on—who are you?" "I am nobody now, and have nothing, but I was once Walter's the flower-maker's happy wife; for he was the best of husbands." "And where is he?" asked Percy. "In heaven, I hope, though he did cut his

throat rather than go to prison, because my Lady Percy would not pay him, and so he ran in debt!" Here if Jennings had not supported him Percy would have fallen on the ground, and the woman went on, for he could not interrupt her. "Well, I saw him die;—and for two months I was, I fancy, dead too; but I came to life again, and went home,—to a home without Walter's: but as soon as I got settled, he appeared to me; but I won't tell what he said, though I did as he bade me, and that very night amongst some rubbish I found the very knife he used to kill himself. Oh! says I, this is what he meant;—so I hid it in my bosom, for I knew a use for it,—and I did as Walters bade me, and I revenged him, for I have killed Lady Percy." Percy could bear no more.

The death-bed scene of this profligate woman of quality is highly wrought, and holds up to the thoughtless and volatile part of her sex an awful lesson; though we could wish that the fair authoress had employed any other mean of bringing about the catastrophe than that of assassination. The necessity of inculcating self-denial in children is very happily exemplified in the above tale of Lady Anne and Lady Jane.

The second tale is intitled 'Appearance is against Her.' This is by no means equal to the first. It, however, conveys an excellent moral: and places the crime of female coquetry in a very edifying point of view. The third is called 'Austin and his Wife;' and this we look upon as the most important as well as the most interesting of the whole. It is a very melancholy tale; but it is fraught with so many important truths, that we shall give as full an account of it as our limits will permit.

Austin is a country shopkeeper, and has an only child, a fine handsome lad, whom he endeavours to impress with a love of truth and with every good principle that would make him an honest and respectable member of society.—Austin looked upon the class of society in which he was placed to be, as it were,

'the chief depository of a country's virtue and a country's happiness, as our morality (says he to his friend with whom he is disputing on the system of education) has not those artificial fences which guard the higher orders. The gentleman, beginning from the class immediately above us till one comes to the highest of all ranks, a rank above restraint because above responsibility, is restrained from lying, fraud, and so forth, by a sort of factitious honour, if he has not the real one. He is always acting a part, and must abstain at least from ungentlemanly vices, though he may not have good principles: therefore though he may game, intrigue, and run in debt, he is not expos-

ed to those temptations which in a humbler walk of life lead to lying, to dishonest practices in trade, to swindling, to the road, and to the gallows.

This worthy man practised, as far as lay in his power, what he wished to inculcate. But his wife, who was a fond and doting mother, by her ill-timed indulgence counteracted her husband's wiser plan of education. For instance, when Edwin, her darling boy, was punished by his father for telling an untruth and sent to bed without his supper, she would, in the fondness of her heart and unknown to her husband, sit by his bed-side, soothe him with caresses, and pamper him with plum-cake, &c.

Still she meant well, and thought herself the best of mothers: the error was in her head, not her heart, and like all weak people she would not submit to be guided by any one. Therefore, though she adored her husband, she thought that since her feelings as a mother were natural feelings, they could not mislead her; and consequently, though she did not openly oppose her husband's will with respect to Edwin, she did it in secret, thus setting her child an *example of dissimulation*.

Edwin proceeds step by step into the paths of vice; he quite subdues his repugnance to falsehood, and shows but little reluctance to theft; but all these bad symptoms are hid from his father by the foolish fondness of his mother. The following scene is a good lesson to weak and indulgent parents.

Edwin had so early learnt to be so great a liar himself, that he did not believe in the truth of others. It is probable that he might have been cured of the vice of lying as soon as it became known to his father; because Austin held out to his son complete impunity for any fault he might commit, provided he honestly and openly confessed it, and did not by falsehood endeavour to evade detection. But Edwin, not trusting to his father's word, because he knew that no reliance was to be placed on his own, continued with the cruelly kind privity of his mother, to lie, and lie undetected.

One day as Edwin was walking in their little garden, Mrs. Austin saw something shining in his hand, which he was surveying with evident pleasure; and coming upon him unawares, she saw it was a netted purse with steel tassels. "Where did you get that purse?" said his mother, pale with alarm. "I found it," replied the boy. "Found it! are you sure you found it—and where?" "Why, I tell you I did find it," cried Edwin surlily, "and that's enough." "No, it is *not*, Sir,—I must know *where* you found it." "I shall not tell you." "Very well, Sir: then your father shall make you." "Do you threaten me?" exclaimed the young tyrant—"take that then," and he gave her with his fist a blow on the face.

On the boy's showing some kind of penitence his doting mother was induced to forgive him and to conceal it from his father! This ill-timed indulgence in the end proves fatal to the unfortunate Edwin. At the age of fifteen, 'when his father began to think it time to bind him out apprentice, the beauty of his face and person, the plausibility of his manners, and the quickness of his talents, caused him to be spoken of as a lad of much promise.' When his mother was labouring under a fit of illness, Edwin's attention was extreme, and the poor deluded woman is congratulated by her friends on the affection of her son.

'Aye,' replied the gratified mother, 'I always knew he loved me: but he would not have been so fond of me, you know, if I had not been kind to him, and spoiled him as some people think: your severe mothers who correct their children are never loved by them!'

Edwin is apprenticed to a chemist and druggist in the city of—some distance from his native place. He is apparently well pleased and going on as he ought. His year of trial was nearly at an end; and at Christmas he was to pay a visit to his parents. The happy time at length arrives; the fond mother prepares her good cheer; and invites her friends to welcome home her darling son. The father hastens to meet him at the coach-office: but no Edwin appears. At last the postman brings a letter stating ill health to be the reason for his non-appearance: but that a few days would effect his recovery; and he desires them not to write, as, in all probability, he would be on the road home before their letter could arrive. 'That night' the fond parents 'went to bed, happy in the bliss of ignorance!' but on the third day a letter from Edwin's master informs them that he had eloped with his wife's sister, a married woman, who had been on a visit at his house; that he had discovered their retreat, and had sent the lady off to London and taken Edwin back. This overwhelming intelligence nearly breaks the poor mother's heart, and cuts the worthy Austin to the soul.

'When Austin could speak, he exclaimed, while his half-frantic wife was reading the letter in pale and tearless sorrow—
"So, so, at seventeen he is already a complete liar and an adulterer! O wife, I doubt you have to answer for the first! That letter, that accursed letter! a mark of still greater, because more deeply-rooted vice, than that which he meant to hide! No;" added he, walking down the room, "if he had not been a ready-made liar, he could not have been guilty of the second fault; for he would have said, I cannot go with you! because I cannot deceive my parents, I never lied to them yet, and I dare

not, *will* not do so now. But a falsehood I now believe costs him nothing and therefore he is prepared and ripe for every other vice! O wife! misled, unhappy woman! this comes of your concealing——"

Here, however, the unhappy father is stopped by the grief of his wife, who had fallen into a state of insensibility. On her recovery they return to the melancholy subject.

"But what shall we do with this offending child," said Austin. "What can he do? Whither can he go?" "Go!" exclaimed his mother, "Go! why this is *his home*, James Austin, and I trust it will now, and *ever* be open to him!"

And here, let every offended parent hold in mind the worthy Austin's reply.

"Well said, my love," replied the husband. "Whatever be the crimes of a child, a parent's heart should never be shut against him, and his arms should shelter him if possible from a frowning world:—and shame and wo light on the heads of those parents who can in a criminal forget the babe whom they called into existence, and whom, perhaps, their want of care, and their neglect in his helpless infancy, exposed to acquire those tendencies to evil which ultimately led to ruin and infamy! My dearest love, how could you suppose that, when I said, whither is Edwin to go? I meant to forbid the poor child from coming home!"

We must hasten in as short a space as possible to the catastrophe of this instructive and pathetic tale. The scene on Edwin's return home, and the reception which he experiences from his parents after his delinquency are well conceived and highly natural. There is something truly affecting in the poor mother's tender attentions to her beloved child.

Edwin is afterwards placed with a relation in London, as a chemist. Austin exacts from his son a solemn promise never more to see Mrs. Verney (the woman by whom he had been seduced) and Edwin '*early used to habits of dissimulation and falsehood*, had no objection to give the assurance required, because he did not feel himself at all bound to abide by it.' It is not long before he accidentally meets with Mrs. Verney, who was in *high keeping*; and she regains her empire over the infatuated youth. She proves a second Millwood; and induces him to rob his master as a resource for her extravagance. This being detected he quits his relation, and gets into a counting-house; where by his plausibility and attention he conciliates the regard of his employer, who promises to take him in as a partner. As the ill conduct of Edwin whilst with his relation was

kept a secret from his parents their minds were set at rest concerning the abandoned woman, with whom their son was wasting both his money and his time. Years pass on; they hear unpleasant rumours: they fear, they tremble;—but they hope for the best. In his last visit to his parents Edwin evinced so much tenderness for them, that had not poor Austin caught him, as he fancied, recurring to his old and rooted habit of lying, he would have been at perfect ease. Some months after this Edwin's letters were confused; and his hand writing bore marks of agitation. Austin hears also that Mrs. Verney, after having passed from keeper to keeper, was sunk in the lowest depths of profligacy, and that there was every prospect of her coming to an untimely end. "If," cried Austin clasping his hands with agony, "if this wretched woman's state should have any thing to do with my son's altered style and trembling hand!" He writes to him a most pathetic letter; entreats him to confide in his *best*, his *true friends*, who lived *for* and *in* him. This letter, blotted with the tears of parental affection, receives no answer.—At length the thunderbolt falls! Edwin, madly devoted to this abandoned woman, in order to save her from a jail,

'made free with some money entrusted to his care; and having sold India bonds to a considerable amount, he is suspected of having endeavoured to set fire to the premises, in order to conceal his theft by destroying the remaining bonds and papers. The combustible matter was, however, discovered just in time, and your son and the wretched woman escaped together. However such a reward is offered for his apprehension as an *intendiary*, and such an accurate description of his person and dress is posted up in large letters on the walls *here*, and is sent to every principal town in the kingdom, that I dare not bid you expect he will escape being seized.'

The feelings of the parents may be conceived, but we must leave the description to the able pen of Mrs. Opie. It is hardly possible to refrain from tears on reading the beautiful and simple descriptions of the grief of the worthy Austin and his wife. Edwin, forsaken by his paramour, wanders over the United Kingdoms, associating with the profligate and drowning the sense of his misery in drunkenness.

'Misery increased by the desertion and narrowly escaped treachery of the woman who had been his seducer and his ruin. Yes; wandering thus amongst ruffians and wearing the disguise of one under a feigned name, and every trace of his former self obscured, exposed to all the blasts of wintry nights, and hiding during the day in lone unwholesome dwellings was he whose

birth was hailed with the warmest parental rapture, whose infancy was reared upon a mother's bosom, and whose welfare, from the first hour of his existence to the present agonizing one of his shame and his wickedness, was the first object of a father's care, a father's prayers.

To add to the keen regrets of this worthy couple after this dreadful blow, they come very unexpectedly into a handsome fortune, by the death of a relation; and would be happy beyond compare could they know the fate of their profligate but beloved child.

Every parent who reads the tale of Austin and his wife, will feel most acutely the little tendernesses which Mrs. Opie has so faithfully and touchingly delineated. We shall select the following. After this worthy couple had settled in a beautiful small house, which was the bequest of their relation, on Black Heath, one day in particular was passed

by both parents in evident dejection and silent abstraction, except when one of them made an effort to talk, in order to conceal agitation, or to endeavour to amuse the other. The dinner was as usual, with the single addition of a *favourite dish of Edwin's*; but the meal was scarcely *tasted*, and certainly not enjoyed. In the evening, Austin drew his chair closer to his wife's, and holding her hand in his, while he rested his right foot on the fender, "My dear wife," said he, "we are very silly people, and needlessly, I suspect, increase our own miseries, by hiding in our bosoms what, if shared, would be less painful. I know that I have been going about all day with a consciousness which it would have lightened my heart much to mention to you." "And I am conscious of the same," replied Mrs. Austin, bursting into tears: "but I feared to afflict you by reminding you that this is our poor boy's birth-day." "And I you," said Austin in a faltering voice: "but I did not forget it, nor have I indeed ever forgotten it." "Neither have I, husband: and perhaps you will *laugh* at me, but I must tell you:—I always, you know, used to make something for him or buy him a present on his birth-day; and I have done the same ever since we lost him. Last year I made him new shirts; this year I made him some neckcloths, but finer than ever, the finest I could get, in honour of our new riches, see here." * * * Austin certainly did not laugh, and at first he could not speak. "My love," said he, at length, "and truly the wife of my heart, I should hardly laugh at a proof of tenderness which, if it be a weakness, I have been guilty of myself, for I too have always remembered our poor child's birth-day, and, as usual, bought him a present. Last year I bought him books: this year I was tempted by this gold watch and chain (giving it into her hand) that he may know, whatever he may have deserved from us, I never even in

the midst of his errors forgot he was my child, and a most dear one too!" Here a pause of strong emotion succeeded, and the glittering gift was laid on the table again dimmed with a mother's tears.

The above as well as what follows is full of interest, and will not be read without strong emotions by those who are possessed of only common sensibility.—The story thus proceeds. Austin and his wife

continued to sit over the dying embers of their fire, till the hour of eleven struck, till the maids were in bed, till the gardener was gone home, and all seemed at rest but themselves. "And here we are," cried Mrs. Austin, "setting with our windows open, as if we were in our own town!" "However," replied Austin, "there is no one to see us: but I will first go and see that the other part of the house is secure, then return and close this shutter, and lock up the watch." Mrs. Austin mean while set the candles on the chimney-piece, while she folded up neatly on the table the neckcloths which she had taken out of the drawers, turning her back to the window as she did so. While thus employed, she heard from the parlour adjoining a violent noise, as of persons making a forcible entry; and opening the door, she saw her husband struggling with two men. Screaming violently she was rushing forward to his assistance, when she was forcibly held back by some one behind her, who, no doubt, attracted by the glittering of the watch, had entered the house at the window; and as she redoubled her cries, her assailant exclaimed with a dreadful oath, "I'll silence you, woman." Then with a knife he instantly struck her bleeding, dying, though not insensible, on the ground; and he was proceeding to assist the work of death in the next room, when the light from the chimney-piece glared on the face of Mrs. Austin, who now turned her closing eyes towards him; and while terror and astonishment bereaved him of the power of motion, he in his victim saw and recognized his mother! Spite of his disguise (for what can hide a child from the quick eye of an affectionate mother?) she saw, she recognised him; and when she stretched out her hand to him in token of forgiveness, as she read the wildness of horror and surprise on his countenance, he uttered a deep groan, and sunk in agony beside her. It was indeed her wretched and guilty son; who having at length joined a gang of highwaymen and house-breakers, one of whom was the man in the stage-coach, had been called upon by his comrades that night, on his return from a distant scene of villany, to join them in an attack on a house full of plate in the neighbourhood!—Maternal tenderness, the ruling passion still strong in death, revived Mrs. Austin for awhile; and raising herself with great effort, she gazed with anxious enquiry on Edwin; when seeing

her husband nearly overpowered by the ruffians, she uttered a noise of affright, and pushed Edwin with her arm as he lay. That action, and his father's voice in a tone of entreaty and distress, roused him from his momentary stupor; and seizing the knife yet reeking with a mother's blood, he rushed between his prostrate father and the uplifted blow of destruction—while his astonished comrades beheld their accomplice converted into their assailant. Whatever was the cause, they found he fought in earnest; but they had given him a wound which would soon have made him defenceless, when the gardener and a friend who had been luckily sleeping at his house, hearing the noise, rushed in armed with clubs; and the villains were glad to make a precipitate retreat through the window. The anxious wife and apprehensive mother seemed to struggle with death till the glad moment arrived. She had seen her wretched son fly to save his father's life, and she had seen him accomplish his purpose! It was enough; and when Edwin, again throwing himself beside her, exclaimed, "Mother, mother, don't curse me, I have saved him, I have saved him!" hanging over her in agonies that mocked the power of words,—while her husband, exhausted with fatigue, and almost paralysed with horror, crawled towards her, and supported her head upon his breast, she moved her lips as if pronouncing Edwin's pardon: she tried to press his bloody hand to her mouth; then falling back on the bosom of Austin, she expired without a struggle or a groan. At this moment the blood from the wound which Edwin had received gushed out with frightful violence, and he fell a corpse upon the body of his mother.

The necessity of bringing up children in a strict adherence to truth, could not well be more forcibly exemplified than in the above tale. In our account of it we have omitted the character of Brograve, who brought up his only son upon the system of terror. The contrast is an excellent one, though both parents failed in their attempts, and were frustrated in their hopes. The next tale is called the Mysterious Stranger, which no doubt has its merits; but in point of interest it will not bear a comparison with that of Austin and his wife. The literary fame of Mrs. Opie will receive a well-merited addition from these '*Tales of Real Life.*'

ART. VIII.—*An original Journal from London to St. Petersburg, by way of Sweden; and proceeding from thence to Moscow, Riga, Mittau, and Berlin: with a Description of the Post-towns, and every thing interesting, in the Russian and Prussian Capitals, &c. To which are added, the Names, Distances, and Price of each Post; and a Vocabulary of the most useful Terms, in English and Russian. By George Green, Esq. many Years resident in Russia.* London: Boosey, 1813, 12mo. 7s. 6d.

MORE information relative to Russia is contained in this Journal than in many larger works. We shall select a few particulars. The author has given a description of Petersburg sufficiently copious and minute to serve as a guide for any future traveller. He has exhibited a succinct and perspicuous account of the different public buildings, institutions, &c. The author having mentioned the beast market as the place where criminals undergo the punishment of the knout, gives the following account of its infliction, together with additional severities on a slave who murdered his master.

‘A coachman, a slave of Prince Yablonosky, a Polish nobleman, having murdered his master returning from Count Strogonoff’s country seat, upon the 17th of September, 1806, after finding means to escape, was pursued, taken at Novogorod, and brought back to St. Petersburg, where he was sentenced to receive one hundred and fifty strokes of the knout, to have his face marked in three places with a hot iron, and to have his nostrils torn out: this sentence was put in execution on the second of October following, new style. He was taken from the prison about nine o’clock in the morning, and conducted to the police office gate, from whence the police master with the police guards, on horseback, conducted him to the place of execution, about two English miles, along the great street called the Neoskoi Perspective: the procession was in the following manner, viz.

‘First, several police guards to clear the way; then came the first police master, attended by several district police masters, and, after them, a detachment of police guards on horseback. Next, surrounded by a great number of the same guards on foot, walked the criminal, bareheaded, with fetters on his legs, and handcuffs. He was a bearded peasant, dressed in a long blue habit, which they wear with striped pantaloons; and behind him walked the two executioners, with the knouts under their arms. When arrived at the place of execution, a detach-

her husband nearly overpowered by the ruffians, she uttered a noise of affright, and pushed Edwin with her arm as he lay. That action, and his father's voice in a tone of entreaty and distress, roused him from his momentary stupor; and seizing the knife yet reeking with a mother's blood, he rushed between his prostrate father and the uplifted blow of destruction—while his astonished comrades beheld their accomplice converted into their assailant. Whatever was the cause, they found he fought in earnest; but they had given him a wound which would soon have made him defenceless, when the gardener and a friend who had been luckily sleeping at his house, hearing the noise, rushed in armed with clubs; and the villains were glad to make a precipitate retreat through the window. The anxious wife and apprehensive mother seemed to struggle with death till the glad moment arrived. She had seen her wretched son fly to save his father's life, and she had seen him accomplish his purpose! It was enough; and when Edwin, again throwing himself beside her, exclaimed, "Mother, mother, don't curse me, I have saved him, I have saved him!" hanging over her in agonies that mocked the power of words,—while her husband, exhausted with fatigue, and almost paralysed with horror, crawled towards her, and supported her head upon his breast, she moved her lips as if pronouncing Edwin's pardon: she tried to press his bloody hand to her mouth; then falling back on the bosom of Austin, she expired without a struggle or a groan. At this moment the blood from the wound which Edwin had received gushed out with frightful violence, and he fell a corpse upon the body of his mother.'

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ment of regular troops kept the mob clear of the block and boards upon which he was to be fastened. The dreadful ceremony began by a short prayer, and then the culprit was stripped naked to his waist, and laid down upon the board: his neck was strapped down to a groove, as were his arms to blocks upon each side. The first executioner taking hold of the knout (which is a short wooden handle fastened to a triangular strap of sheep's skin, soaked in milk and dried in the sun, and is about one yard and a half long), began by raising himself upon his toes at each stroke, and taking, as it were, measure to strike him, at each blow wiping the blood off with his fingers from the thong, observing an interval of two or three seconds between each stroke. After giving six strokes, he was replaced by the other executioner, who gave the same number, in the same manner as the former, thus changing every sixth stroke, and at each change taking fresh thongs. The cries of the unfortunate man were dreadful in the extreme, for the first seven strokes; but after that they gradually lessened, and by the twelfth they totally ceased: had it not been for a convulsive tremor of his fingers, one would have taken it for granted that he was dead.

'The knouting finished, the executioners untied him, raised him upon his legs, the one holding his hand behind his head to support it; the other took the marking iron, with the letters vor (thief) cut thereon, so as to have a sharp edge; it was fixed in a round wooden handle. Striking it with his fist as with a mallet, he drove it into the forehead and the two cheeks of the malefactor: after that he took a pair of pinchers, like sugar nippers; he put one side of them into the inside of the nostril, and the other the outside of the skin of the nose, and with a violent jerk he tore out the nerve; and then repeated the same operation upon the other side; and yet, wonderful to relate, the suffering criminal remained sensible enough, with a little assistance, to throw his coat over his lacerated shoulders, to mount a cart, and be conducted back to prison.'

The institution which is called the Noble Cadet Corps, appears to be an excellent establishment, and well adapted to fit the individual for the military profession. The number of young persons admitted into this institution, amounts to six hundred and fifty, of whom five hundred are

* Russian nobles, one hundred Livonian or Finland nobles, and fifty sons of citizens. The scholars remain three years in each class. They are admitted in at six years old, and remain until they are twenty-one; of course, they are changed every three years, the numbers discharged and taken in being one hundred and twenty. In the autumn of the first year, they are inoculated; at their entrance they are taken into the first class, and

for that period are put under the tuition of a directress and ten governesses, with other teachers. They wear during that time a little brown dress, made up in jackets and trowsers. The following three years they pass from the women to that of eight superintendants, and a director: the dress is the same with respect to make, but not as to the colour, as this for the second class is white. In the third class, they are clothed in grey, and at the expiration of three years they put on a simple regular uniform. The fourth and fifth class take three years each, and then they are under the orders of the officers of their own corps.

‘ Their education at this house is moral, scientific, civil and military. Cleanliness, the first and most necessary of a physical education, is here carried to the highest degree. The young men are well clothed, but in the most rigorous season they are never permitted to wear either a pelisse or cloak. Their food is simple, and their drink nothing but water; they rise at five in the morning, and go to bed at nine at night: every hour of the day is filled up by their studies, their exercise, or their recreations. The latter are always proportioned to their age. Those of the most advanced class have, in their hall, books, newspapers, maps, globes, and orreries, and their rooms are ornamented with the busts of great men, both of ancient and modern times. In the other saloons are represented the different people who compose the whole Russian empire.

‘ In proportion as their physical education is rigorous, so their moral discipline is mild. The end of it is to prevent offences, instead of punishing them. Corporal punishment is prohibited; but in its room, privations of amusement and small military degradations are substituted; the principal design is rather to excite them by a principle of honour, than to restrain them by base and servile fear.

‘ The institution of this academy prescribes the teaching of religion in the first class, according to the understanding of the boy. In the next place, follow the Russian, French, and German languages; drawing, dancing, writing, and the four grand rules of arithmetic. The second class are taught arithmetic, geometry, geography, chronology, history, mythology, and the elements of the Sclavonian language. The third class continue the same studies, and those who shew any disposition to learn Latin, architecture, and book-keeping, are indulged in it. The fourth class, without discontinuing any of their former studies, are taught mathematics, philosophy, rhetoric, horsemanship, short hand, and declamation from some of the best authors. The fifth class learn the divine law, and a general knowledge of all the sciences; but in particular that of military tactics. Thus their education lasts fifteen years, and when it is finished they are appointed ensigns, lieutenants, or captains, according

to their merit and talents; or if they prefer a civil line, they are provided with places.'

Mr. Green says that the Russian 'manner of living and *laying* among the lower class of Russians is harder and coarser than that of almost any other Europeans.' Whatever may be the case with respect to their 'manner of *laying*,' which seems as hard at least as can well be endured, we believe that their manner of living, as it is described in the next extract, is neither so hard nor so coarse as that of the lower orders in many parts of this highly civilized and highly cultivated isle.

'Their ordinary fare is coarse black rye bread, and a kind of soup thickened with oatmeal, and a mixture of sour crout; of cucumber pickled in salt without vinegar; fish, bullocks' liver roasted, mushrooms, hard boiled peas, hard boiled eggs, sour milk; and, instead of spices, they season high with garlic, salt, and pepper. In their Lent, they fare still worse, eating either salted herrings or dried fish, raw peas, raw beans, raw carrots, and turnips, the same; and therefore they are, in some measure, excusable for being so much addicted to drinking of watki, which is the Russian brandy. Their common drink is quaz, brown beer; and mead, a liquor made with honey, pepper, and water: in summer, they have a potation, which is not unpleasant; it is made with honey, water, and the juice of cranberries. This last they hawk about the streets in white glass decanters. On holidays, which in Russia are more frequent than in any other country, their constant amusement in their cabais (alias public-houses), is singing national songs, in large companies, or dancing national dances. The time of their music is generally the same, but their voices are mostly good, and their notes soft and plaintive. In respect to their lodging, hardly any of them have any other bed but a truss of straw, and most of them, especially the men, nothing but the floor; no sheet, blanket, nor quilt; but they cover themselves with their sheepskin pelisse, then place their heads upon their wallets as a pillow, and perhaps sleep sounder than many who are stretched upon a bed of down. They are particularly fond of bathing, and especially on a Saturday evening, when you will see, at most of the baths appropriated to the lower class, an indistinct mass of old men, young men, young women, boys, and girls, all floundering naked into the baths, like frogs in a pit; and, as their ideas are no ways refined, they act thus without being conscious of giving any offence to modesty.'

According to this account mendicity is of rare occurrence at Petersburg, excepting amongst 'the slaves, who compose the greatest part of the poor, and have been turned off by their owners.' The old and infirm poor

are taken care of in an hospital. In the Russian churches, the congregation, without any exceptions, stand during the service; but this is made up of many short ceremonies, besides prayers and singing.

'Divorce is authorized by the Greek religion, and is permitted in Russia, in certain cases; but polygamy is forbidden, and the people therefore look upon it as a sin to eat the flesh of a cock, and give him the name of (Payan) Pagan, because he is a polygamist: they think they sin against the Holy Ghost in eating a pigeon.'

Three fourths of the Russian people are said to be in a state of vassalage, which was formerly the general state of the lower orders throughout Europe, who were as much at the disposal of their lords as the furniture of his house, or the cattle in his fields. Notwithstanding the boast, which is sometimes made with more presumption than research, and more noise than truth, of the high degree of liberty which this country enjoyed in the Saxon times, it is demonstrably certain that the majority of the peasants and mechanics in those times were slaves; or like sheep and oxen the property of the owners of the soil. A notable instance of this may be seen in Gales's *Historiæ Anglicanæ Scriptores*, in a deed relative to a gift of the manor of Spalding to the abbey of Crowland in Lincolnshire. In this deed, which was republished a few years ago in the '*Selecta Monumenta*,' of Mr. Baron Maseres, various artificers and peasants are by name, together with their wives and children, and all their goods and chattels made over to the abbey of Crowland, with as little ceremony and reserve as if they were merely stocks or stones belonging to the soil. The great mass of the Russian population is at present in this state of complete thralldom, without any other will than that of their lord. And Mr. Green truly remarks that slavery, when long continued, produces such a degree of degradation, as to stifle even the desire of liberty; and to prevent the right use of it, if they were at once to be put in possession of that gift which is invaluable to those who are capable of enjoying it.

A Russian peasant is a mere fixture to the domain of his lord, from which he cannot stir without his license, for which he is usually obliged to pay an annual fine.

'If,' says Mr. Green, 'they,' that is the Russian boors, 'possess talents only sufficient to qualify them for service as day labourers, the allowance they make their lords is seldom more than ten roubles per annum; but if acquainted with any

handicraft or other business that enables them to get crabler in cities, or great towns, they pay their owners from one hundred to one thousand roubles annually, according to their success in life; this license being renewed every year. While they are, perhaps, improving in fortune and talents, the more their situation is meliorated the less they think of returning to their village, and, consequently, the greater is the fine they pay to their lord. Many of the Russian noblemen's slaves, at Petersburg, are worth two or three hundred thousand roubles, and are looked upon as merchants of the first class.

Those who, from choice or necessity, remain at home, manage some little plot of ground, allotted them by their lord; upon which they keep some half-starved beasts, and grow some little hay and corn. They are obliged to dedicate three days service in a week to their master; and he, on his part, both by law and interest, is bound to keep and nourish such of his peasants who fall sick, or are past labour, if they have not the means of doing for themselves. But this, indeed, is not very expensive, considering the coarse manner in which the lower orders live. It is impossible not to admire that talent of imitation which forms one of the most striking features of the Russian character. The lowest boor, and those the most ignorant, of any handicraft business, will quickly learn to execute any common mechanical work. The Russian peasant is, in his own dwelling, a carpenter, mason, shoemaker, tailor, smith, and potter. But, as he is by far the most expert at the hatchet, it serves him most frequently for hammer, saw, and plane; and with this instrument only he can build wooden houses, carriages, and, in fact, form most of the articles of necessity made of wood. The women can comb and spin the flax and hemp, and frequently weave the linen for the use of the family; they die the wool with the juice of different plants; they dress also the skins of several animals, to make their pelisses; in fact, every family can do most of its work, without being obliged to solicit the assistance of their neighbours.

All the implements and processes of agriculture seem in a rude and imperfect state in Russia.

The commonest kind of plough is the light fork or hook plough, called, in the Russian language, *socha*, used in most of the provinces of Great Russia, Siberia, Livonia, Courland, and in all the provinces bordering upon the Baltic. It is without wheels, has two short plough-shares, not unlike fork-prongs, which are fastened to two wooden socks, coming from the handles, and is drawn only by one horse, or two oxen. The whole is so light that it can be held by a boy; and the horse, whose exertion is small, goes generally without reins, and thus the ploughman's hands are free. This plough bites no deeper than an inch and a half, and sets the furrow, as it has no mould

bourst, quite upright, so that, as the ploughman goes along, he is obliged to turn it down as much as he can with his feet. The harrow consists of nothing more than wooden pegs, driven into thin cross wooden bars, joined together with thongs of willow; but, in Livonia, they are fastened with joints. The use of the roller, although a very necessary instrument in the sandy soil of many provinces, is very little known, and seldom used. They mow, however, remarkably well and close, with a very short-bladed scythe, and make their hay as in England.

Their sickle is somewhat similar to the English one, and though they reap but a small plot of ground in the day, they cut the corn very close, and scatter very little behind them. They bind it in sheaves, and then make small stacks in the fields where it grew; and as they want it for threshing, bring it to the drying house, which is built like a barn, having a few shutters upon the side, which, as well as the door, is hermetically closed, when the fire is lighted. On one side, or at the end, is a stone stove, the same as those in the houses, only of a coarser construction; this is heated, and, the sheaves having been previously hung up, on poles across, near the top, the flues running all round, what with the heat, and what with the smoke, they soon dry. The windows and doors are then opened, the sheaves are taken away, and the corn threshed out; which, being in a manner kiln-dried in the straw, will keep in a bulk without damaging; and one of these drying-houses will serve, in general, a whole village. Immediately as the snow is melted from the ground, the horned cattle must seek their own nourishment, very frequently upon very poor and distant pastures. When winter returns, and prevents them from grazing, they are foddered in the house, but so sparingly, that their bones seem ready to pierce through their skins, and they are frequently reduced to such weakness as not to be able to raise themselves without the aid of their keepers. Even the fattened beasts have little else but the grains from the brandy stills, of which there is one upon all the great estates in the country. The poor beasts have scarcely any thing besides the straw, which, having been kiln-dried, must consequently have lost all its moisture. Indeed, now and then, amongst the most expert herdsmen, the cows, when fresh calved, have some hay. Many of the cattle, in consequence of this ill-judged management, when turned out in the spring, are so miserably reduced, that as soon as they begin to taste the young springing grass, they are taken with a violent scouring, which soon carries them off.

The author mentions two or three anecdotes of the present emperor Alexander, which give us a favourable idea of his mind and heart. Indeed we have heard from several quarters that his sentiments are in the highest degree liberal and humane; and that he does not think, like

some other sovereigns, that the people are made like beasts of burthen, to bear any load which he may choose to lay upon their backs; but rather that he is made for the people; and that it is his duty, as the accountable servant of a higher sovereign, to study their good, and to promote their happiness. It is his misfortune to be placed at the head of a nation, three-fourths of whom are slaves; and whom, though he has the will, he has not the power to render free, as he is restrained by an overbearing aristocracy on one side, and by the general barbarism, ignorance, and incapacity for liberty in his subjects, on the other.

ART. IX.—*A full Exposure of Ann Moore, the pretended Fasting Woman of Tuthury. Third Edition, with Additions.* London: Baldwin, 1s. 1813.

THIS has been called the age of skepticism; but it appears also to be the age of credulity. Indeed these extremes, like extremes of other kinds, often meet, not only in the same period, but sometimes even in the same individual. We shall not at present stay to discuss this metaphysical phenomenon, but shall proceed to the subject before us which gave rise to the remark. No foreigner can well accuse the good people of England of being wanting in facility of belief, when he is told that there are among them persons, not few in number, and not totally void of intellect, who have given implicit credence to the assertion of Ann Moore, that she had lived for no less a period than six years, without food. This lady, who has certainly entitled herself to a place of high distinction in the annals of fasting, began to make pretensions to the miraculous power of living without eating in the beginning of the year 1807. This assumption in some measure obtained credit by its boldness and singularity; and as the belief in prodigies is catching, it spread beyond the immediate vicinity of Tuthury. At any rate the story had gained so much ground, that instead of being treated with contemptuous neglect as a nefarious imposition, it was thought proper in September, 1808, 'in order to satisfy the public,' that the fasting powers of Ann Moore should be put to the test of experiment. She was accordingly subjected to a watching, 'which continued sixteen days, during which time she was allowed a little water on the three first days.' When this watching had

ended, Mr. Taylor, a surgeon, who was at the head of the party, declared 'that she had lived for thirteen days, without taking any food, liquid or solid.' This apparently respectable attestation to the pretensions of Mrs. Moore to a new mode of living, greatly multiplied the number of believers; and, of course, operated, powerfully on the general curiosity. Many persons could not rest till they had beheld with their own eyes a person who could live without eating. And as few thought it right to depart without paying for the gratification of their curiosity, the exchequer of Mrs. Ann Moore, which, previous to her assumption of miraculous powers, was at a very low ebb, as she had hardly wherewithal to cover her nakedness, soon overflowed with the offerings of the faithful. In the course of two years she had amassed about £250. and 'since that time the sum is supposed to amount to four or five hundred pounds.' Indeed the pretensions of Mrs. Ann to this prodigious faculty of fasting, appear to have originated in financial stratagem. She had sagacity enough to discern that the vulgar credulity was a bank which would answer her drafts to a very large amount. And we must certainly allow her no small share of fraudulent ingenuity, when we consider that she eluded detection for more than six years. The imposition owed part of its success to the cloak of sanctity which she assumed. 'The Bible was laid on her bed,' and her conversation indicated extraordinary piety. Her habits however and conduct were known not very strictly to accord with the exterior professions of the saint. She used to assert, according to this account, that her case was 'A miracle wrought immediately by the power of God, an interference of divine Providence on her behalf, by which she was kept alive, without either eating or drinking. She also declared that she had so far lost the power of swallowing that, if she was to attempt it, she would be suffocated; that she had no evacuation by stool or urine; that she never slept, and other assertions of a like nature; some foolish, some nearly blasphemous, but all of them false.'

But, however foolish, or blasphemous and false, her assertions might be, it is certain that they had made a strong impression on the public mind in the neighbourhood; and, though disbelieved by some, they were credited by many. Another *watching* therefore was concerted in order to detect the imposition. At the head of the party concerned in this watching was Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart. and the other persons were composed of clergymen, me-

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dical men, and magistrates from the neighbouring towns. These gentlemen adopted such strict regulations, that neither meat nor drink could be conveyed by stealth to the object of the scrutiny. Towards the close of the first week of this rigid ordeal, it became very apparent that this lady of such wonderful fasting energies was

'Suffering severely from want. And when the machine for weighing her was placed under the bed, it was found that she lost weight rapidly. A fever arising from abstinence, kept continually increasing. Parched with thirst, she requested the watch to give her cloths dipped in vinegar and water, which they did, and with these she kept wetting her mouth and tongue. The watch in general wrung out the cloths before they were given to her; but Mr. Wright, surgeon of Derby, being desirous of obtaining ocular proof of her ability to swallow, gave her a cloth without wringing it out. This she greedily put into her mouth, and he plainly saw the act of deglutition. On the eighth day she was exceedingly distressed. Her pulse had increased until it arrived to 145 in a minute. On the ninth day she insisted on the watch being given up, declaring that she was very ill, and that her daughter must be sent for. She was now greatly reduced, and her voice very feeble. The watch were very much alarmed lest she should expire; they therefore admitted the daughter, who, on discovering the wretched state of her mother, ran down stairs to a neighbour's house, and instantly returning went up to the bed, and it was supposed conveyed some water into her mother's mouth, under the pretence of kissing her. The mother was a little revived, and the daughter now begged in the most earnest manner for the watch to quit the room. This they were not willing to do. The daughter therefore refused to remain in the room, or assist her mother in the least, unless they did. Dr. Fox and Dr. Garlic gave their opinion that the woman could not live two hours. Her pulse was entirely gone at one wrist, and at the other was like a fine thread intermittent, and 160 in a minute. It was thought she could not survive; the watch therefore broke up. The daughter then administered what she thought proper, and the mother began to revive; and now no apprehensions are entertained of her danger.'

It is not a little remarkable that

'On Friday the 30th of April, after the watch had broken up, this pertinacious impostor *desired to take a SOLEMN OATH, that she had not, during six years, taken any food whatever; which oath was administered unto her. This she did, hoping, notwithstanding all, still to impose upon the public.*

Thus we see that the cupidity of avarice had completely absorbed all other sentiments. Some circumstances however were afterwards discovered which ren-

dered the imposition so palpable, that, 'overwhelmed with confusion,' Mrs. Ann made an open confession of the deception which she had so long practised, and implored the Divine Mercy to pardon her crime, and accept her penitence. After signifying a declaration to this effect, 'She drank some milk in the presence of several persons. This she did without any difficulty; although *when Dr. Fox put a little water into her mouth at the time when she appeared to be near dying, she imitated the art of suffocation in such a manner as to bring up a quantity of blood.*'

This history of Mrs. Ann Moore affords a striking example of force of resolution, and vigour of self-command, which, if they had taken the direction of truth and honesty, might have rendered her an estimable character. If she had employed as much pains in obtaining a livelihood by virtuous means, as she did in deceiving her neighbours, she might have improved her condition without parting with her peace of mind.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 10.—*Evangelical Principles exemplified. By the Rev. Thomas Watson.* London: Longman, 1812, 1s. 6d.

WE noticed the work of Mr. Watson's adversary, and we suppose, fellow-townsmen, Mr. Young, in the last number of our Review. Mr. Young's work is entitled 'Evangelical Principles of Religion vindicated;' and, in the present performance, Mr. Watson has endeavoured to exhibit the tendency and operation of those principles in the conduct and doctrines of his antagonist. Mr. W. accuses Mr. Young of having been wanting in that spirit of meekness, in which he professed to write, and to contend for the verity of the *evangelical* creed. Mr. Watson does not think that Mr. Young, when he composed his *Vindication of Evangelical Principles*, was labouring for the good of his, Mr. Watson's soul, with all those amiable feelings of charity and good will which he professed. Mr. Watson indeed appears to think that he and those who think with him, would experience some of the combustible matter, with which Orthodoxy has occasionally manifested its good-will to its heretical opponents, if Mr. Young, with others of the same *Evangelical* principles, were at the head of the church. Mr. Watson complains that Mr. Young treats him not only as heretical in the highest degree, but as ignorant in the extreme; and that to shew his own superiority in the way of profane learning, Mr. Y. has made a glittering parade of classical erudition. Mr. Wat-

son says that his 'principles are treated with contempt because' his 'creed is short' and his 'system meagre'; but Mr. W. declares that he does not 'know a *greater lumber than supernumerary articles of faith*.' This is a very honest declaration for a priest; and particularly a minister of the establishment; the creed of which is certainly not composed of a very few articles; and those are as certainly in many instances not quite so plain that he who runs may read, or at least understand. But, perhaps, our evangelical friends, in opposition to our friend Mr. Watson, think that that is the most salutary creed which is the most difficult of digestion; and the most evangelical which is the least easy to be understood. Indeed there are very orthodox divines, who, instead of thinking with Mr. Watson, that a creed, made up of supernumerary articles of faith is a great mass of *lumber*, would rather maintain that a creed is excellent in proportion to the number of articles of which it is composed. What orthodox divine, particularly if well *rounded* with a few score of tythe pigs of his neighbours' fattening, would like a meagre, half-starved creed, composed of only three or four plain, unvarnished, matter-of-fact articles, when he might have the number of forty, saving one, of sleek, jolly *credenda*, quite *embonpoint*, and presaging a state of ruddy corpulence to him who will give them his unfeigned assent and consent; and defend them against heretics of every description, not as mere worthless *lumber*, but as the very essence of all that is holy, good, and wise?

Mr. Watson intimates that Mr. Young's creed is comprised of so many discordant principles that he finds it a hard matter to keep them together without quarrelling. He says that 'he has original sin and the grace of God,' the inability of man to do any thing which is good and his accountableness for doing any thing which is not good. 'He has predestination and free agency all jumbled together in the same house,' and to preserve the orthodoxy of absolute decrees, 'he turns Providence almost out of doors.'—No man's faith seems so difficult to be assailed as his which is made up of contradictory articles; for, when you attack one, and make a breach and are ready to take the place by the assault of confutation, he keeps up a cross fire upon you from another, and you fall to the ground, as if you had received a shot in the most tender part of your person, or the most intellectual part of your pericranium, whilst your adversary exults in the force of his impregnable belief.

When a man makes faith both an act of the will and independent of the will, and sin both an involuntary commission and the effect of choice, and, when he declares that the same person is, at the same time, both temporal and eternal, both a being that has a beginning and end and a being without either end or beginning, and when, what will not suit his human nature, he refers to his divine, and, what is incompatible with the divine, he very

deliberately makes over to the human, he is environed with such a thick sharp pointed chevaux de frize of absurdities, that the fortress of St. Sebastian's itself is not more impenetrable than his creed. Such is the inestimable benefit of having a creed composed of so many supernumerary articles, which Mr. Watson inadvertently calls *lumber*; but he does not consider that this *lumber* is the bulwark of orthodoxy; and that, without it, the heretical foe would trample on the faith of the *saints*.

We despair of inducing Mr. Watson and his antagonist to shake hands; but instead of quarrelling about points of faith, we would wish them to remember that these points are of very little moment when compared with good-will amongst neighbours and peace amongst mankind.

ART. 11.—*A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Tewkesbury, in the County of Gloucester, on Sunday, June 20, 1813, for the Benefit of the School established in that Borough, (on the System of the Rev. Dr. Bell) to co-operate with the National Society for promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church. By John Keysall, M. A. F. S. A. Chaplain in ordinary to his Majesty, and Rector of Beedon in Worcestershire. London: Longman.*

AS this discourse was 'not originally designed to meet the eye of the public,' and as the profits of the sale, whatever they may be, are 'intended to be wholly applied to the benefit of the charity,' for which the sermon was preached, we shall not make any remarks on the composition which might either wound the feelings of the author, or frustrate the benevolent purpose which he has in view in the present publication.

ART. 12.—*A Narrative of the Proceedings of the Society called Quakers, within the Quarterly Meeting for London and Middlesex, against Thomas Forster for openly professing their Primitive Doctrines concerning the Unity of God. London: Johnson, 8vo.*

IT appears from these proceedings that the society of Quakers are hardly less tenacious of their *orthodoxy*, or less prone to intolerance when that orthodoxy is questioned, than sects of other denominations. The details in this book evince a very unbecoming bitterness in the society towards one of their members, who, if he erred, ought to have been better instructed: and, if he defended only the truth, ought to have been highly approved. Mr. Forster was expelled from the society because he defended the essential unity of the Divine Nature, not merely as his own opinion, but as that of the great luminary of the society William Penn. Mr. Forster appears also to have offended the society by becoming a subscriber to the '*London Unitarian Book Society, for promoting Christian knowledge, and the practice of virtue.*' This work throws a good deal of light on the bigotry which is still left amongst the Society of Friends; and furnishes

a lamentable proof that they have as little Christian charity as their neighbours when any difference is expressed within the pale of their religious communion on points which have no relation to practice, but are merged in an abyss of uncertain speculation.

POLITICS.

ART. 13.—*Letters of Britannicus to the Editor of the Morning Post on Mr. Grattan's Bill for the Relief of the Roman Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland; or, as it should have been entitled, for the advancement of Popery. To which is added an Appendix, containing the Petition from the general Assembly of the Church of Scotland.* London: 1813.

THE title page sufficiently explains the nature and object of the present publication.

ART. 14.—*A Proposal, by which two essential Objects would be simultaneously obtained: Firstly, the complete security of the British Territories in India, whatever possessors Egypt and Malta might eventually have: Secondly, a new, extensive, and profitable Channel of Commerce opened, without infringing on the effective Trade, but by a simple Modification in the East India Company's Charter.* By F. F. Rivaz. London: Asperne, 1813.

IN order to secure the British territories in the East and to open at the same time a new and extensive channel of commerce, Mr. Rivaz proposes that we should obtain possession of the island of Socotora at the mouth of the Red Sea, of the island of Masuah in the Red Sea, with the town of Arkeeko on the mainland, and of the harbour of 'Massali, or Messalago,' 'on the north-west coast of Madagascar.' In a memoir, which Leibnitz addressed to Louis XIV on the conquest of Egypt, he advised the occupation of Socotora as a sure mean of securing the command of the Red Sea and facilitating the commerce with India. Mr. Rivaz thinks that any possible deficiency in the supply of provisions at Socotora, might be remedied by means of a settlement in the island of Madagascar, which is famed for its large herds of cattle and its fine crops of rice. And, as Socotora is without any port for the secure station of a fleet during all seasons of the year, he suggests that it would be advisable to add Masuah to the number of our territories, where there is a very spacious and commodious port for the reception of the largest ships. Such is the political part of Mr. Rivaz's plan, which is likewise to be converted into a source of great commercial wealth. We must leave the practicability and the policy of this scheme to the government and the East India Company, who will, no doubt, feel themselves under much obligation to Mr. Rivaz for the hints which he has thrown out on a subject of so much magnitude and importance.

ART. 15.—*The Lamentations of the Children of Israel, respecting the Hardships they suffer from the Penal Laws and praying, that if they are Repealed, so as to exempt the Catholics and Dissenters from their Influence, the Jews may also enjoy the Benefit of this Indulgence, in common with the rest of his Majesty's Subjects. In a Letter to a dignified Clergyman of the Church of England. By Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Moses, Aaron, and Levi, David, Bathsheba, Solomon, 1000 Wives and Concubines, Daniel Belteshazzar, Manasseh Ben Israel, of the House of David.* London: Souter, 1813.

IF the Catholics are exonerated from the penal laws which they are said to feel as a very galling load upon their backs, why should the poor Jews be left in the lurch? May not a man be a very good citizen and capable of the various political and military functions, though the tenacity of his adherence to the paramount rite of circumcision be as firm and constant as that of Bishop Milner or any other Catholic to the supremacy of the pope? What is there in the Mosaic ritual, which renders a Jew more unfit for a member of parliament, than in the seven sacraments of the Catholic faith? The Jews, it may be said, are usurers and money-lenders; but are there no money-lenders and usurers in the different corps of Christians of all sects, not forgetting even the members of the establishment? It must be allowed that the author of this pamphlet, whoever he may be, has made out a pretty strong case in favour of those who eat no pork, to be, nevertheless, invested in the full enjoyment of all civil rights in common with those, who make no distinction of meats. The author of these pleasant '*Lamentations*,' thus makes the long-bearded believers in the Old Testament remonstrate with the smooth-shaven votaries of the New.

'You have violently seized upon *Moses and Aaron*, and the *Ten Commandments*, which were our natural property, and have placed them over your *Communion Tables*; yet make this pretence of *Christian communion* a reason for excluding us from all advantages as members of the commonwealth: so that *our law* and *our prophets* can afford us no protection, though you have exalted them to the first places of worship.

'You have robbed us of our *priesthood*, of our *Urim and Thummim*, and, what *flesh and blood* is scarcely able to bear, you have taken from us our *TITHES*; yet you have given us nothing in exchange but *reprobation* and *damnation*, if, after we have lost our *goods and chattels*, *Satan* can be such a fool as to take us.—For God's sake, therefore, look upon us *Jews* as a people whom you have injured, and to whom you are indebted.

'We are not in the case of Catholics or Dissenters, who are said to have injured you: we never turned you out of your *churches*; we never set up *chapter lands* to sale, nor pulled down your *hierarchy*; but, on the contrary, *it is to us* that you

owe your *mitres* and your *revenues*, your *privileges* and *pre-eminences*. If any one asks, whence you derive your *priesthood*, you know in your consciences that CHRIST himself was a layman; you fetch your pedigree from the *house of Aaron*, and make more profit to your order of the *five books of Moses*, than of all the *Four Evangelists*.'

'You own *our God* to be the *true God*, and you know that we worshipped him *two thousand years* before Jesus Christ made his appearance in the world. In this case, we are neither *infidels*, *idolaters*, nor *schismatics*; we neither disown the *true God*, nor adore a *false one*; nor have we been guilty of innovations, but are punished for adhering to our *old forms* and *ancient worship*, and for not receiving and adopting *new*.

'We might, nevertheless, absolve you, in a great measure, of this crying injustice, could we find that *your religion* had imposed it upon you; whereas we are fully satisfied, that *you have imposed it upon your religion*, and have taken measures against the *Jews* which are not to be justified by the gospel of Jesus.'

These 'Lamentations' are well worthy of perusal. They contain a well tempered mixture of the sprightly and the serious, of banter and of argument.——We trust that the time is coming when civil qualifications will not be meted out according to the mummerly of theological profession, and when a man may openly avow his real opinion on religious subjects, without having any mark of political degradation affixed to his creed, if it does not accord with the *orthodoxy*, which happens to be in vogue.

POETRY.

ART. 16.—*The Rejected Addresses, or the Triumph of the Ale-King: a Farce.* By William Stanley, Esq. London: Cawthorn, price 2s.

THIS is a laughable and lively production; and brings forward in a good humoured way the various poets of this poetical age. We have Anacreon Moore under the name of Amoroso, Ladurlad, Mr. Southey, Allan Bane, Mr. Walter Scott, and Eolus Monologue, Dr. Busby of reciting notoriety;—with various others of more or less celebrity. The scene between Allan Bane and Ladurlad is maintained with much vivacity. The two great poets dispute about each other's faults. Ladurlad, at length, accuses Allan Bane of various plagiarisms. This so exasperates Allan, that he is about to strike him, when Ladurlad drops upon his knees and addresses him as follows.

'Hold, Allan, hold thy murderous hand,
Drop, Allan, drop thy battle-brand;
For should it on my napper fall,
For ever will it seal mine eyes,

And smash my bones, and brains, and all,
And give me such a cursed fall,
I never more shall rise.'

This proves too ridiculous for Allan; and, after Ladurlad's owning some excellences in Allan's poetry, they embrace and are friends.

Mr. Colridge is denominated Seignior il Penseroso! and is introduced in the following manner.

'Amoroso. My notice was first attracted by a man who stood behind a table, gazing on airy vacancy, as if some mournful vision was before him, then in a solemn tragic tone he began—

'My pensive public, wherefore are you sad—
I had a grandmother, she kept a donkey
To carry to the mart her crockery ware;
And when that donkey look'd me in the face
His face was sad, and you are sad, my public.'

Our readers will judge from the above that the Triumph of the Ale-king is farcical enough; and will furnish them with an agreeable half-hour's lounge.

ART. 17.—*The Death of Prince Bagration, or the French defeated in Russia and Poland in 1812, and 1813. A Poem. By the Rev. R. Patrick, A. M. Chaplain to the Dowager Marchioness of Townshend, and Vicar of Schiel-Cotes; Author of a Charity Sermon on the Vices and Charities of a Sea-Port: and of a numeral Chart in Two Hundred Languages.* London: Longman, price 1s. 6d.

WHEN we consider the various honours that encircle the author of the Death of Prince Bagration, we shall not appear too presuming if we say that we opened this poem with a confidence of meeting with something more excellent than ordinary; for consider gentle reader, that this gentleman, in the first place, is a *Master of Arts*; that in the second, he is Chaplain to a Marchioness; that in the third, he is a Vicar; that in the fourth, he is the author of a Sermon, and in the fifth, of a Numeral Chart; and, not content with all these distinctions, he bursts upon us as a poet, and aspires to place a wreath, torn from Parnassus, upon his brow. With all these blushing honours thick upon him—we did expect, a very *prime article*, in the way of poesy, nor have we been disappointed, as the following specimen will prove. Speaking of the miseries which the French suffered in their retreat, he says,

'Not so with wasted France,
No longer tuned to mirth or dance
Beneath their weight of general misery
Each individual has lost all sensibility,
All fellow-feeling, all humanity.'

Now, if our readers do not think this prime stuff, perhaps they will at least have candour enough to acknowledge that the following is very imposing and sublime.

*'Fed with a liberal hand,
I see, again my war-worn Russians boldly rise
And manfully again in raging battle stand;
Lisping, in accents smooth, yet strong,
The music of a grateful tongue.'*

We own ourselves to be vastly taken with the appropriate idea of a rough Russian soldier *lisping in accents smooth*. It certainly throws new light upon the Russian and the Don Cossack character, for which we cannot sufficiently thank the Rev. R. Patrick, A. M. Chaplain to the Marchioness Dowager of Townshend, and Vicar of Schiel-Cotes, &c. &c. &c.

NOVELS.

ART. 18.—*The Brothers in High Life; or, The North of Ireland, a Novel, in 3 Vols. By Mrs. D. Johnson. London: Kearsley, 1813.*

Mrs. D. JOHNSON did very right to inform the world, that the above work is a novel, or it might have puzzled the wisest of the wise to know what it is, or was intended to be. But, it is a novel;—and contains the greatest farrago of nonsense that ever was published. What the lady could be thinking of when she committed such trash to the press, is not for us to determine; but, if she had put her composition on the back of the fire, it would have been no loss to the world, and more credit to herself.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 19.—*The Englishman at Verdun; or, The Prisoner of Peace, a Drama, in Five Acts. By James Lawrence. London: Hookham, 1813, price 5s. 6d.*

THE Picture of Verdun, which we noticed at some length in a former Number, exhibited the indignities and sufferings of our countrymen in a very forcible light; but the author of the present performance thinks, that the facts, to which he was an eye-witness, 'may strike the imagination more forcibly when collected in a dramatic focus;' and this he now presents to the public. The detention of peaceable English travellers in France on the breaking out of the present war, contrary to the usage of civilized governments and to every sentiment of magnanimous hostility, will, we trust, be long remembered amongst those acts of baseness, mingled with atrocity, which history will have to record of Bonaparte.

ART. 20.—*A practical Introduction to the French Language; selected from the most approved French Grammars, and illustrated by copious Examples and Exercises. By George Crabb. Second Edition, carefully revised and corrected. London, Boosey; 1813, 12mo. 3s.*

Mr. CRABB says, in his preface, that 'this French Grammar would probably not have made its re-appearance in print,

had it not been a matter of personal convenience to the compiler, who having found it of importance to make such a book fit for his private purpose, now offers it to the public, with the hope that it may not be unacceptable to others. Conciseness and arrangement have been particularly consulted in this volume, and every care taken to render it practically useful.' We see no reason to object to the opinion which the author has here expressed of the practical utility of this revised and corrected edition of his Grammar. In many of the most essential points of instruction on the grammatical niceties of the French language, we do not find it inferior to some larger and more expensive works. In the syntax, the practical exemplifications of the rules are sufficiently copious.

ART. 21.—*Fables choisies à l'Usage des enfans, et des autres Personnes qui commencent à apprendre la Langue Française. Avec un Dictionnaire, où tous les mots sont expliqués grammaticalement. Par G. A. Bellenger, Auteur des nouveaux Elémens de Conversation, d'un Dictionnaire d'Idiomes, et de plusieurs autres livres sur l'Education. A Londres. Se vend chez Sherwood, 1813.*

THIS will be found a very useful work for young beginners in the French language. The fables which M. Bellenger has copied from La Fontaine, and converted into pure and elegant French prose, are one hundred in number; and at the end of the volume is an explanation in English of all the French words contained in the fables.

ART. 22.—*Elements of Geography for the Use of Schools, &c. By John Bradley, Private Tutor, Liverpool. London, Lackington, 12mo.*

THE numerous elementary works which are constantly appearing, show, that the most useful sciences are in a state of rapid diffusion not only amongst the higher, but the middle and inferior classes of the community. This is a pleasing subject of contemplation, as nothing humanizes mankind so much as scientific and literary pursuits; and we trust, that the mass of the nation will, hereafter, become so devotedly attached to science and to literature, that public opinion will undergo a thorough change with respect to the *glory* of war; and that those arts, which embellish human life, will be in more request than those by which nothing but vice is engendered and misery produced. It was the wish of the Good King Henry the IVth of France, that every peasant might have a fowl in his pot on a Sunday; and, if we might be permitted to add an humble appendix to this wish, it should be, that every peasant might be so far instructed as not only to read the New Testament, and teach his children to read it, but to have his own mind so expanded, that he might expand the mind of his family with a little geographical knowledge, as well as knowledge of other kinds. Thus the general tone of social converse would be raised throughout the kingdom; and the sources of harmless pleasure would be mul-

tiplied amongst those who, according to the present constitution of things, seem to toil only to live, and to live only to toil. We are convinced, that that general diffusion of knowledge, which is already begun, will, in proportion as it is extended from the centre towards the most remote circumference of society, be productive of the most important benefits in an intellectual, moral, and political point of view. We are not sorry, that Mr. Bradley has added another to the number of our previous introductory books to the science of geography; and whether his work have, or have not advantages which those of his predecessors do not possess, we still trust, that it will produce its portion of usefulness, and contribute its mite to the great aggregate of mental improvement and scientific information; to which rather than to any thing else, we look forward with hope as the means of dispelling that residue of barbarism, which even yet overspreads the world. For, how can mankind be said to be entirely raised above the level of barbarians, whilst they are prone, on every the slightest provocation, and often even without the shadow of a provocation, to seize the sword and cut each other's throats?

ART. 23.—*Grammatical Questions on the English Grammar, being an easy Method to interrogate Young Persons in Classes, and useful to Teachers and others, to examine the Progress of Education on that Subject.* By the Rev. Christopher Muslon, Preceptor of the Boarding School, Epping, Essex. London, Darton, 1813.

WE have here a multitude of questions, without answers, which may certainly serve to assist the practice of *interrogation*; but what other purpose can they serve?

ART. 24.—*A Picture of Society; or, The Misanthropist.* London, Hookham, 1813.

THE gentleman who presents himself to our notice in this little volume, acknowledges himself to be a '*stricken deer*,' wounded most wofully by a pair of fine eyes, and enchanted by a Grecian form with all the loves and graces sporting around. The following will enable the reader to judge of the power of this *beauty divine*, and how many fathom deep this same personage falls in love.

'No statuary could adopt a finer model of Grecian symmetry, nor poet imagine a love or a grace which her countenance did not display: it was beauty in all its mild and touching languor; her eyes beaming with sentimental softness, her interesting and negligent deportment, her air, at once so modest and so noble, overwhelmed my heart with a torrent of such exquisitely delightful sensations, that, even if I could have regained my freedom, I would have preferred the contemplation of her charms to the highest felicity which indifference would enable me to taste; for I felt exalted in my own eyes by the consciousness of possessing a heart capable of valuing her perfections.'

* We are told, that he who exalteth himself shall be abased; and so it seems it happened with our poor friend, for this fair form and beauteous face proves a very *jilt*, as many beautiful ladies have done before. And our lover has nothing more to do to make himself interesting in a book and consequential in his own eyes than to turn misanthropist. This he does in good earnest; becomes growling and sulky; finding all manner of fault; and looking with a jaundiced eye upon every man, woman, or child, that comes in his way. This, however, is not to be borne long—and as he has more good luck than falls to the share of every dissatisfied and disappointed lover, he meets with another lovely creature in the form of woman who possesses more common sense than his *first love*; and he consequently consoles himself for the cruelty of Matilda in the society of the sensible and accomplished Julia. In the above little story are conveyed many sensible observations on the mode of female education, and the fashions and society of the present day. In speaking of education, our misanthropist says.

‘From the system of education now adopted, the females of the present day are not likely to stamp a very dignified character on the young men whom they influence; they are frivolous, vain, and superficial; so zealous in the pursuit of a splendid establishment, that their hearts are insensible to merit, and any titled profligate or wealthy fool is certain of being preferred before the most exalted character. I should be sorry to see female education confined to cookery and tent stitch; but I observe with regret the valuable time that is wasted in acquiring a variety of superficial accomplishments, while the culture of the mind, which alone can render woman permanently pleasing and useful in society, is neglected. It is true the ephemeral productions of the day are universally read by females: but this is all very superficial; they read enough to set them talking, but they are as far from knowing how to think as if they had never opened a book. Accomplishment is now so much the mania of the day, that we see the daughters of the humblest mechanic studying the ornamental instead of the useful branches of female education.’

Our misanthropist thinks the following qualifications very requisite and essential in the character of a wife.

‘I should wish to see a woman learned enough to think justly and converse rationally; to add to the charms of society by those light and affecting touches which the heart alone can inspire, but which require the polish of literature to express with elegance and grace, which makes wit at once poignant and delicate, and tempers gaiety by a habit of thinking and reasoning. Nature should be ornamented not distorted; and while a literary taste renders a woman independent of society, and enables her to dispense with those frivolous pleasures which often lead her into scenes of extravagance and dissipation, it also fits her to be the companion of a man of sense, and to reward a

life of study and thought by an intelligent participation in his pursuits.'

We think, that our friend, the misanthropist, gives the ladies very good advice; and we hope they will show their good sense by quietly taking a leaf out of his book; and *accomplish* themselves for good wives and *sensible* companions.

ART. 25.—*Researches about Atmospheric Phenomena: together with Meteorological Journals.* By Thomas Forster, F. L. S. London: Underwood, 8vo.

THE author commences his preface with the following sentence.

'In proportion as man has become civilized, his wants have ever been increased; in order to satisfy which a more extensive knowledge of the laws of the material world was rendered necessary; hence the origin of the arts and sciences, which became instruments in the hands of man, whereby he might supply the exigencies which civilization had created, and might increase the comforts of artificial life.'

This is not quite correct. Civilization does not precede the multiplication of human wants, but arises out of it. As human wants are multiplied, labour is subdivided and industry is increased; and, hence, a proportionate addition is made to the conveniences and comforts of the social state. The ruggedness of barbarous modes is smoothed down and society acquires a new polish. Civilization, instead of preceding the origin of the arts and sciences, is the effect of their operation in the relations of human life and the different pursuits and actions of individuals. But this by the way; for we do not mean to wrangle with our author at the threshold of his work.

The science of meteorology, as far as it respects the relation subsisting between the several classes of atmospherical phenomena, and the changes of the weather which it may thus enable us to predict, is of great practical utility to husbandmen and mariners, and indeed to mankind in general. But this science is still comparatively in its infancy. This work of Mr. Forster is not intended as a complete treatise on meteorology, but as the result of his observations on natural phenomena.

The forms of clouds are so various and so continually changing, or so suddenly evanescent, that it is difficult to assign them to any definite classification which can be employed for any practical purpose. Their general appearance or disposition, however, may be described as connected with particular changes of the atmosphere, as indicative of wet or dry, serenity or storms. But there are other prognostics of rain, besides the forms and appearances of the clouds, some of which were observed in ancient times, and are found true in the present day. These prognostics are drawn from the peculiar motions or noises of some of the animal creation.

Mr. Forster justly remarks, that various superstitious have

originated in the observation of meteorological phenomena, or in their agency on particular animals. According as this agency has been associated with painful or pleasurable impressions, these animals have been considered as the omens either of good or evil; or as good or evil actually personified in their forms, which have hence become the objects even of religious adoration. Superstition, when once produced, is of very rapid growth. It may seem small in the beginning; but it soon increases in bulk till it hides its head in the clouds. Nor is superstition always confined to the area of vacant ignorance. Superficial knowledge is often as favourable to its birth and its increase; as ghosts are found to appear not merely in the deep darkness of midnight, but in the dusky shades of evening, or the grey-*prelude* to the morning dawn.

Many animals are singularly affected by the state of the air previous to thunder-storms; and, what has been once found to be the presage of any specific evil, soon comes to be considered, as the precursor or harbinger of evil in a more general sense, or on a more extensive scale. Thus, for instance, the owl and the raven have from a very remote period been regarded as the ill-boding messengers of misfortune or of death. Such is the propensity to generalize particular facts in the weakness or the indolence of the human mind. Mr. Forster has our best wishes for the further prosecution of his *Meteorological Researches*.

Alphabetical Catalogue, or List of Books published in August, 1813.

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| A WORLD without Souls, 3s. 6d. | ing the Origin of our vulgar Customs, Ceremonies, and Superstitions, a new Edition, arranged, revised, &c. By H. Ellis, F. R. S. 2 Vols. 4to. £4. 4s. |
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Downey T. R. N. Naval Poems, 4to. £1. 1s.

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Gordon Sir R. Bart. — Genealogical History of the Earldom of Sutherland, from its Origin to the Year 1630, folio. £1. 5s.

Graves G. F. L. S. — British Ornithology, first and second Vol. 8vo.

Hill Miss. — Anselmo; or, the Day of Trial, 4 Vols. 12mo. 22s.

Hall Sir J. Bart. P. R. S. E. — Essay on the original Principles and History of Gothic Architecture, 4to. with Six Plates, £5. 5s.

Hawkes W. R. — Gaul, King of Ragah, a Tragic Drama in Three Parts, 3s. 6d.

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Marsh Herbert, D. D. F. R. S. — Six Lectures on the Interpretation of the Bible Society, Part the 3d, 3s.

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